

NY MAG ON guys

MAY 2015

**THE
COMEDY
ISSUE**

RICKY GERVAIS
NICK OFFERMAN
ERIC ANDRE
REGGIE WATTS
TIM & ERIC
BILLY EICHNER

**THE INTERNET +
THE FUTURE
OF FUNNY**

**LIVING
LARGE WITH
BIG
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A NEW LIFESTYLE.



swatch[®]
IRONY X LITE

nick offerman
photographed
by ben rayner.



andy samberg
photographed
by kenneth cappello.
stylist: christine
baker. grooming:
kim verbeck at the
wall group. photo
assistants: curtis
buchanan and alex
jaras. digital tech:
clay rasmussen.
jacket by topman,
turtleneck by h&m,
samberg's own glasses.

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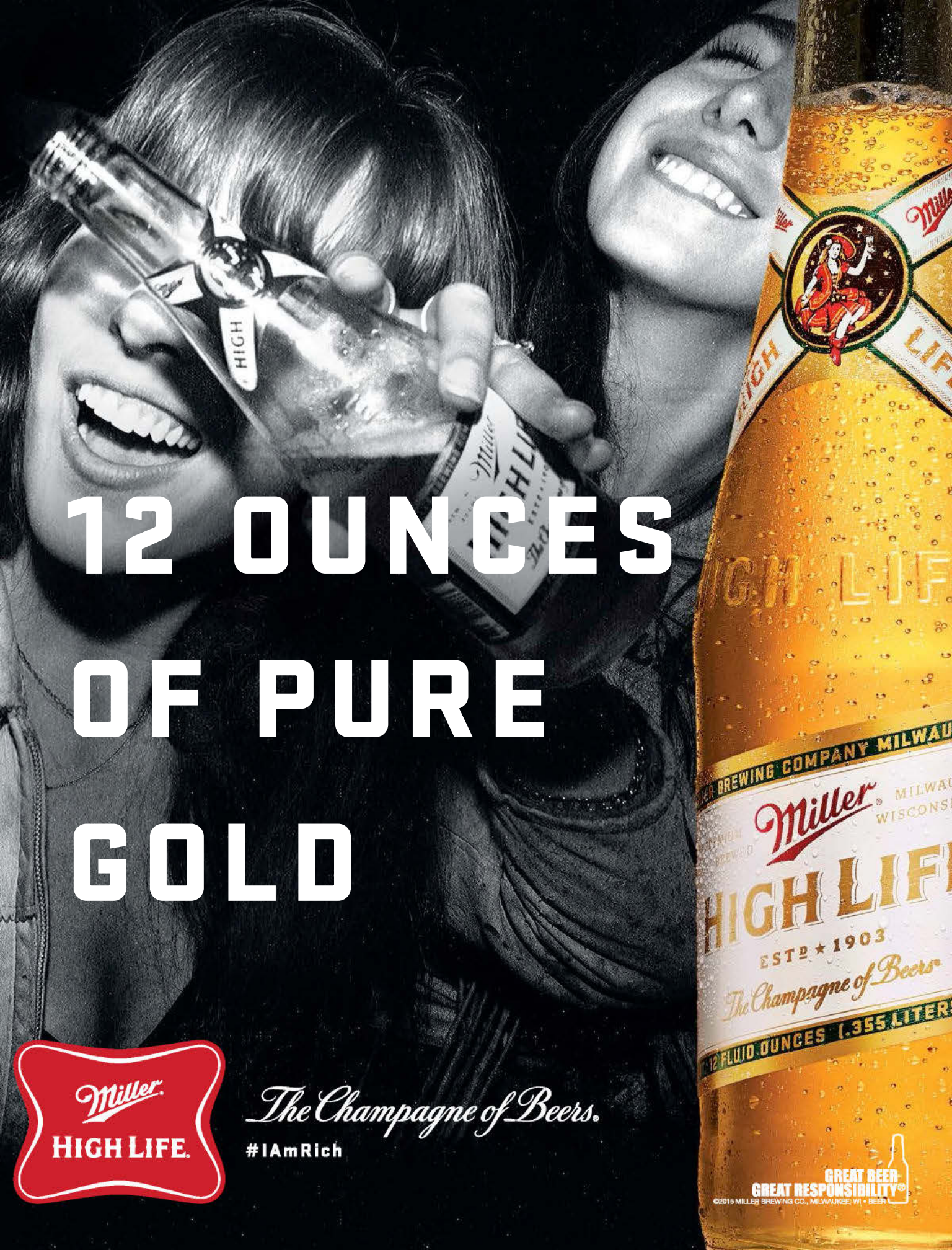
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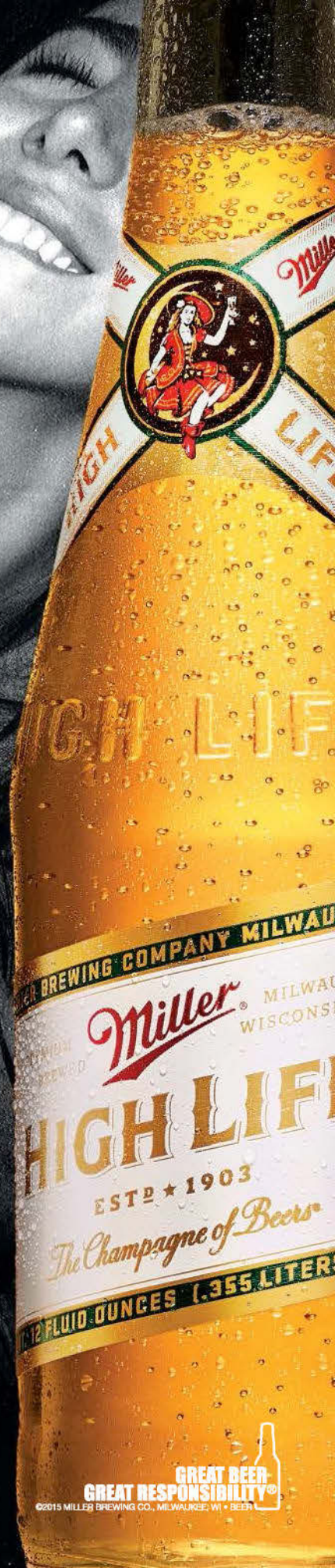
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from left:
adam devine,
anders holm, and
blake anderson
from *workaholics*
photographed by
shane mccauley.

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Photographed by
Brayden Olson

A man with short brown hair is sitting on a metal bench in front of a large window. He is wearing a grey zip-up hoodie over a white t-shirt, red shorts with grey side panels, and grey Skechers Sport sneakers with black laces. He is wearing large white headphones and holding a black smartphone in his hands. The window behind him shows a view of a city with greenery and buildings. The text "COMFORT INCLUDED™" is written in white capital letters in the upper right area of the image.

COMFORT
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SKECHERS
SPORT
WITH **MEMORY FOAM**

ricky gervais
photographed by
simon emmett.

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05.15

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COMEDIC TIMING

While planning our first-ever Comedy Issue, we had many a discussion about who—and, more importantly, what—is funny. And believe us, *everyone* has an opinion, whether it's the legion of Nick Offerman fans here or senior editor Mickey Stanley introducing a handful of the uninitiated in our office to the strange glory that is Tim and Eric.

We sat down with veterans like Ricky Gervais, Dr. Steve Brule, and Paul Feig, who's taking on the task of rebooting the comedy classic *Ghostbusters*. As we talked to Internet-cum-TV stars like the trio behind *Workaholics* and *Silicon Valley*'s T.J. Miller, the self-referential and future-forward nature of comedy felt even more obvious. We also caught up with guys who are newer on the scene, such as King Bach, who's carved a niche for himself and parlayed his 11.1-million-strong following on Vine into a bona fide acting career.

Of course, the whole issue isn't entirely devoted to funny business. We feature Big Sean in the fashion feature "Big Up" on page 96 and *Marvel's Daredevil* starlet Deborah Ann Woll on page 104.

Last but not least, we knew early on that Andy Samberg was the perfect guy to be on this cover. The *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* star seamlessly bridges the gap between big-screen and quick-hit, viral-video humor. And according to his co-stars and friends, you couldn't meet a more humble, sweeter guy. Funny, isn't it?

THE EDITORS



photographed by kenneth cappello.



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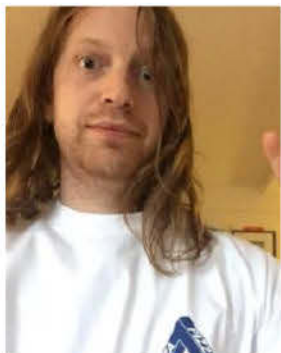
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**BEN RAYNER**

Photographer, NYC
 Shot "Nick of Time" (page 88),
 "Lights, Camera..." (page 94),
 and "Chill Wave" (page 110).

"Working on this issue was very fun. Wildwood is a funny little kitsch town on the Jersey Shore. No one was there."

Hometown: London
Twitter handle: @benrayner
Latest discovery: *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*
Travel plans: Swedish road trip
Playing on repeat: New Björk
Online fixation: Tumblr
Compulsively reading: Tumblr
Mode of transport: Feet
Secret skill: If I told you, I'd have to tell you.
Sartorial signature: Plaid

**MAXWELL WILLIAMS**

Writer, L.A.
 Interviewed the *Workaholics* trio for "Hardly Workin'" (page 82) and Deborah Ann Woll for "Daring Enterprise" (page 104).

"I was surprised by the fact that, more than being super funny, the *Workaholics* guys were genuinely nice people. It was a trip interviewing Deborah Ann Woll because I got to watch episodes of *Daredevil* before anyone else. This job has perks!"

Hometown: East Fairfield, VT
Twitter handle: @okamax
Latest discovery: Dancehall artist Kranium. I discovered him a few months ago, but Asma from Nguzunguzu put his song "Nobody Has to Know" on her recent mixtape, and it rekindled my love for the track.
Travel plans: The doctor, because I have the worst case of the flu right now
Playing on repeat: Brianna Perry's "I'm That B.I.T.C.H."
Online fixation: Twitter all day, every day. And NHL.com.
Compulsively reading: Jeff VanderMeer's Southern Reach trilogy. I know I'm late on it.
Mode of transport: My sturdy vintage Nishiki road bike
Secret skill: I can stretch the skin really far from my face. And I can do a handstand at age 33. Thanks, Mom, for those gymnastics lessons when I was eight.

**TIM BITICI**

Stylist, NYC
 Created the looks seen in the fashion feature "Chill Wave" (page 110).

"It was a blast exploring our location in Wildwood, New Jersey. It was very inspiring to work with a great model, photographer, and beautiful clothing."

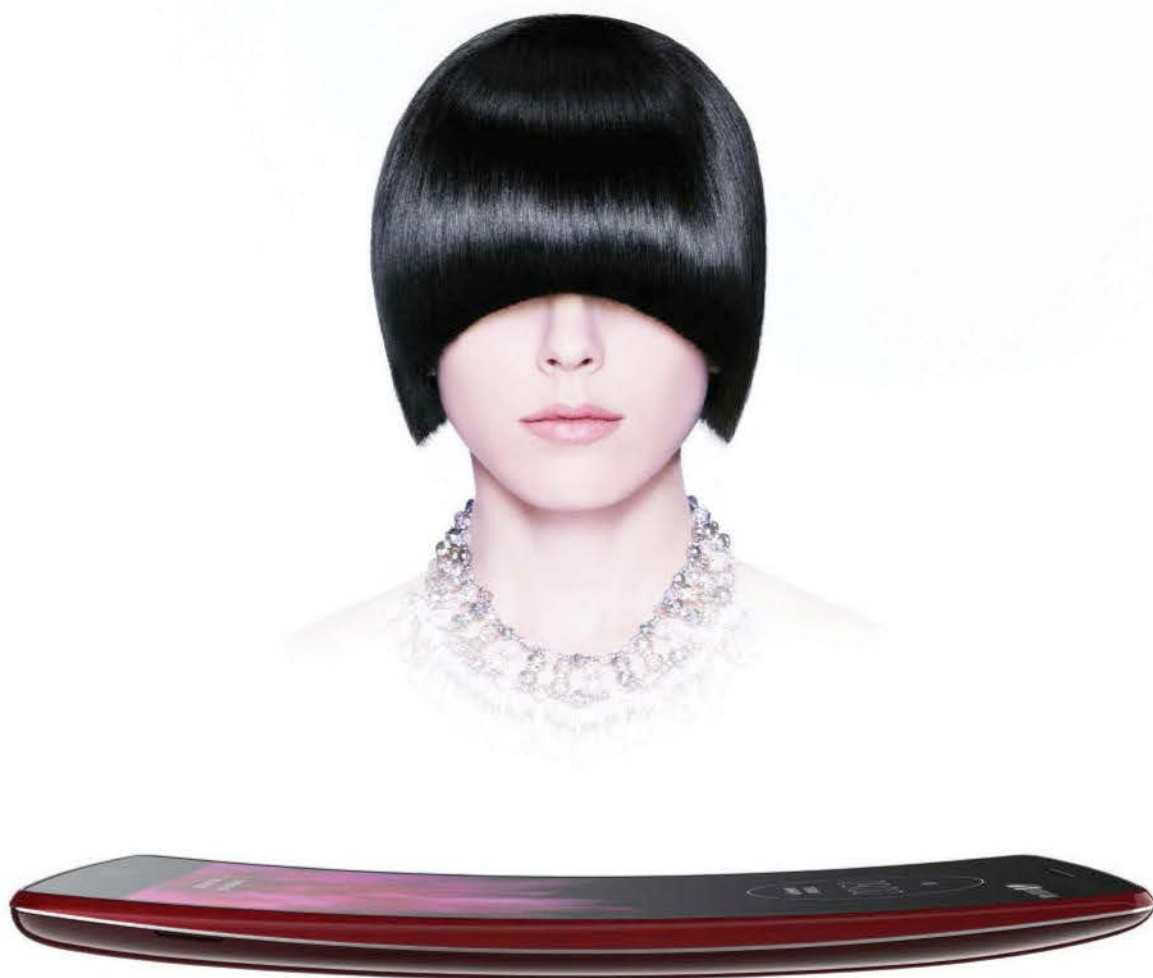
Hometown: Greenwich Village, NYC/Berkeley Heights, NJ
Twitter handle: @timbitici
Latest discovery: The Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston. It's everything.
Travel plans: A backroads bike tour in Patagonia, Argentina
Playing on repeat: A mix of Josephine Baker and Biggie
Online fixation: dlisted.com
Compulsively reading: Page Six and Haruki Murakami
Mode of transport: Uber or walking
Secret skill: I make the best Bolognese sauce (the secret is to have the veal and beef slowly simmer in pork fat).
Sartorial signature: High/low and always something ripped

**KELLY SHAMI**

NYLON Guys designer, NYC
 Created illustrations and layouts seen throughout this issue.

"This issue is one of my favorites. From my personal film taken on a drive through a Nevada desert that we used for Big Sean's story to the Dr. Steve Brule illustration, to the exploding bits of design throughout the comedian stories, it's packed with a lot of energetic artwork."

Hometown: Rutherford, NJ
Twitter handle: @kellyshami
Latest discovery: Apartment mood lighting, thread-count importance, and Sharpie brush markers
Travel plans: San Francisco this summer with friends, and I'm dreaming of Bali constantly
Playing on repeat: Just got into Mick Jenkins, and I have no idea why I can't stop playing T-Pain's "I'm Sprung" while closing this issue, which opens a whole playlist of early 2000s hip-hop/rap.
Online fixation: eBay for *Sopranos* memorabilia and updating my jewelry collection site
Compulsively reading: Always picking up something new from the Strand. Right now, it's *Girl in a Band* by Kim Gordon.
Mode of transport: Window seat of a yellow cab
Secret skill: I think a woman should maintain her mystery.
Sartorial signature: Black hair, Yankee hat, vintage Fendi bag, sneakers, and jewelry all over—sometimes I sleep with it on.



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LG G *flex 2*

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LETTERS

dear nylon guys,
I eat nothing but chips. Tortilla, crunchy cheese, puffy cheese, potato chips in all forms. I do not discriminate. Chips are life.
ABE PACKER
PORTLAND, OR

dear nylon guys,
"How Not To Get Your A\$\$ Kicked Abroad" was really informative. I wish I had read it before my semester in Chile, though. No bueno.
ANTHONY MARTINEZ
NASHVILLE, TN

dear nylon guys,
Do you think next time you interview Eva Shaw you could slip my résumé to her? Does she need an assistant? A dog walker? For a Dutch-Canadian model/DJ, hell, I'd work for free!
ANDY BELLO
DENVER, CO

dear nylon guys,
After reading *NYLON Guys* for the first time, I've learned that I really need to up my steez factor and buy a Ducati Scrambler. There may just be hope for me yet.
LELAND LATER
LOS ANGELES, CA

dear nylon guys,
When Ewan McGregor says he shit himself in the helicopter, did he literally shit himself, or are we talking about a figure of speech here?
KALEIGH CONNERY
DALLAS, TX

dear nylon guys,
I want to swim through Dustin Yellin's sculptures.
ERIC KAHL
CHICAGO, IL

dear nylon guys,
I think porn is art, too. Glad to see Stoya and I are on the same page.
SCOTT WASHINGTON
PHOENIX, AZ

dear nylon guys,
Thank God I bought Billy Jealousy's Tattoo Lotion, Wash, and Salve that you guys suggested. My tat of Rasta SpongeBob is looking hella vibrant.
ZACH LUPPEN
ORLANDO, FL

dear nylon guys,
Sure, Ewan McGregor is into motorcycles, but does he ride a Razor scooter on the sidewalk to and from work like I do? Doubt it.
DWIGHT MCNEAL
NEW YORK, NY

dear nylon guys,
I can't believe you let Logic buy that jumpsuit. That shit is just plain illogical. The irony—it kills me.
LUCAS BENZ
ATLANTA, GA

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photographed by ben rayner.



photographed by kelly shami.

THE SLICKER, THE BETTER. FIND OUT WHY ON PAGE 32.

THE 11 NEW DO'S AND DON'TS OF BRUNCH FOR MEN

BY JESSICA PILOT.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHARON RADISCH

John Seymour knows his brunch. For the New York City native and co-owner of Sweet Chick, it's not just a meal—it's a lifestyle. "Brunch is like the weekend—everyone looks forward to it," he says gleefully, eyeing the big plate of bacon and decked-out double order of buttery, fluffy blueberry pancakes in front of him in the Lower East Side branch of the restaurant (their other location is in Williamsburg). Famous for their chicken and waffles and bacon-garnished Bloody Marys alike, Sweet Chick has cool cred and a male-heavy following, including members of the Wu-Tang Clan. Inspired by the hungry masses of men who are taking over what used to be a traditionally feminine landscape, we've asked Seymour: What is the proper etiquette when brunching as a dude?

WHAT TIME IS BRUNCH OVER?

Four o'clock sharp.

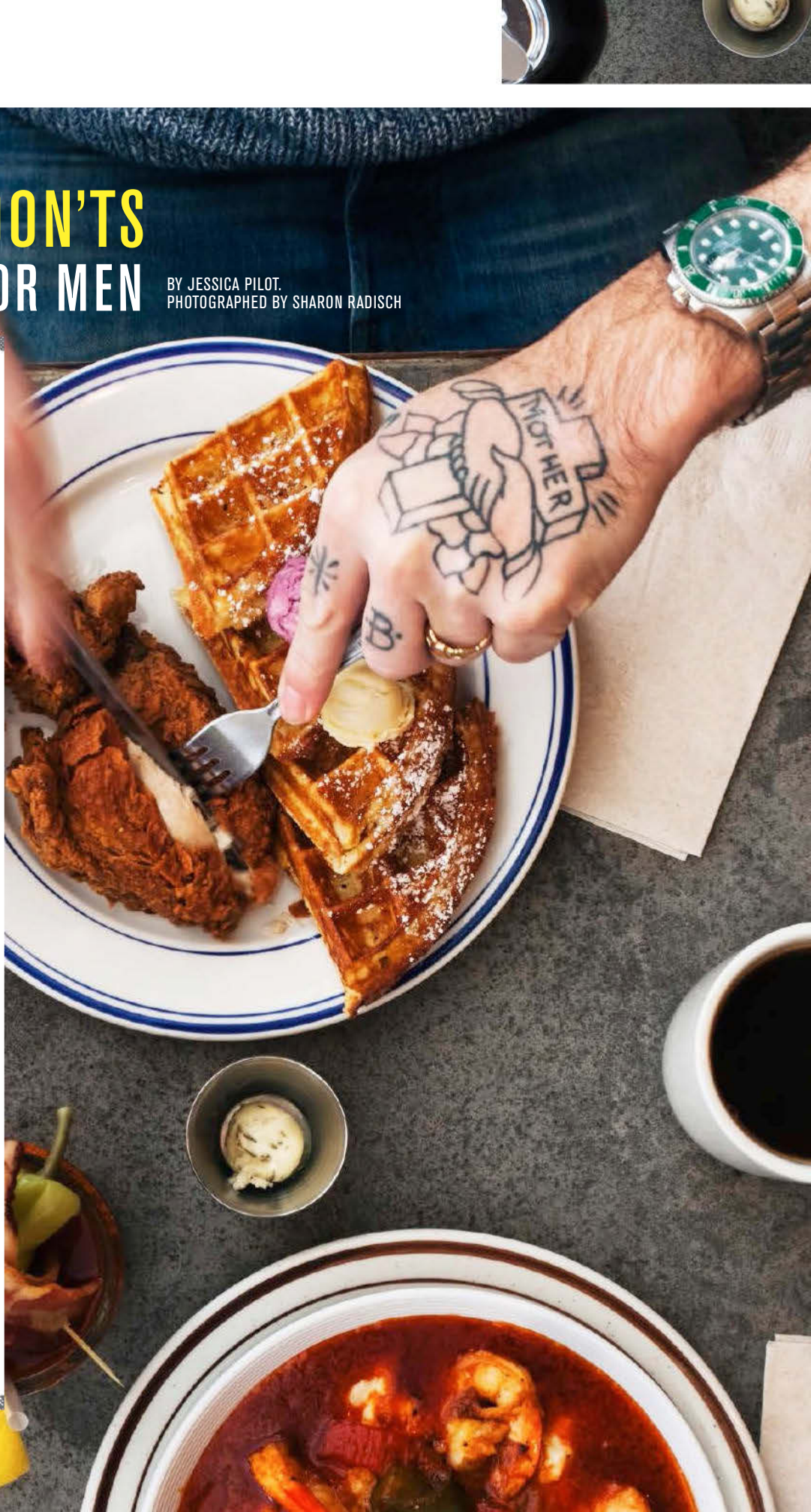
IF 10 GUYS MEET FOR BRUNCH, AND FIVE OF THEM HAD TWICE AS MANY DRINKS, HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF THE BILL? Just divide it by 10, and add the gratuity on. Who cares who had two cocktails? That shit drives me insane. Keep it simple.

WHAT'S THE MALE EQUIVALENT OF A MIMOSA?

Here, it would be a Skysicle. It's tequila or mezcal, pineapple juice, lemon, spicy agave. You're not gonna drink it with your pinky in the air.

ON A SCALE OF ONE TO 10, HOW OK IS IT TO TAKE A ONE-NIGHT STAND TO BRUNCH?

If a guy is taking a girl to brunch after a one-night stand, he might be looking for a little bit more than that one night.





TELL US ONE CLOTHING ITEM THAT IS MORE THAN WELCOME IN YOUR ESTABLISHMENT.
Sweatpants.

HOW ABOUT A NO-NO? Sandals is always a don't for me, for guys. Like flip-flops. Don't wear your flip-flops here.

INSTAGRAMMING? Hell yeah, take that picture, I'm fine with it. We get such great feedback that way.

WHAT ARE SOME IDEAL TALKING POINTS FOR BRUNCH? Everybody's still kind of open, so you're going to say whatever happened the night before. One of the greatest things I've heard, personally, was a friend getting arrested, getting out that morning, and coming straight from central booking to brunch.

SAY YOU'RE OUT AT A RESTAURANT AT 1 P.M. ON A SUNDAY. WHAT NEEDS TO BE ON THE TABLE FOR IT TO LEGITIMATELY PASS AS BRUNCH?
Pancakes, bacon, eggs, some type of Benedict.

CAN YOU WRAP BACON IN BACON?
You can wrap bacon in anything. I don't know why I've never thought of that. Fucking genius.

SO YOU CAN WRAP BACON IN EGGS AND WAFFLES IN BACON AND JUST KEEP GOING, LIKE AN ENDLESS BACON CYCLE? Yeah. If Budweiser is the king of beer, bacon is the king of food. It's my favorite food, bacon.



DRINK THIS:

GRAND PRIX

AROUND THE WORLD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHARON RADISCH



GRAND PRIX
1.5 OZ. NIKKA COFFEY GRAIN WHISKY
1.5 OZ. COCONUT-INFUSED VERMOUTH
1 TSP. RAS EL HANOUT SYRUP
1 DASH ANGOSTURA BITTERS

BUILD AND STIR WITH ICE IN A MIXING GLASS. STRAIN INTO A COCKTAIL GLASS. GARNISH WITH A PIECE OF FRESH COCONUT.

Every cocktail is a journey in a glass, even if sometimes those travels merely land you on your ass. But the best are more cosmopolitan—the Grand Prix from Dirty French on the Lower East Side, for example. The cocktail tracks the globe in four stages: Beginning in Japan, Thomas Waugh, bar director for Major Food Group, builds off of Nikka Coffey Grain whisky. Unlike many Japanese whiskies, which are akin to Scotch, the corn base here skews it toward a softer, fruited bourbon. That's mixed with an equal pour of Cocchi Storico Vermouth di Torino, a Turin-style sweet vermouth that he infuses with dried coconut, which boosts the vanilla component and downplays some of the bitter finish. A few dashes of Trinidadian Angostura bitters add aromatics, while the secret ingredient, literally, comes in the ras el hanout. This North African mix typically contains 10 spices, including cumin, coriander, cardamom, and clove. "It doesn't taste like any one of the ingredients," says Waugh. "It blends into a flavor that you've never tasted before." LUKE O'NEIL



THE NEW YORK PIZZA PROJECT IN A NEW YORK MINUTE

Think of Brandon Stanton's famed project, Humans of New York. Now think of what it would be if he were photographing one-slice pizza joints instead of said humans. Nourishing the city with pride, floured hands are tossing dough and slinging slices in timeless parlors that signify far more than a quick

dinner. Ian Manheimer, one of the five masterminds behind the project (and the upcoming book), briefs us. CECILIA BUSICK

1. THIS STARTED OUT AS A WEBSITE, AND EVOLVED INTO A BOOK. WHY THE QUOTE, "A BOOK ABOUT PIZZA, NOT ABOUT FOOD"? We're not critics. By interacting with the folks who work and frequent places we grew up

loving, you capture a little slice of true New York culture—a fabric that evokes a mix of nostalgia, warmth, and comfort.

2. WHY ONLY SLICE JOINTS? Slices are an old art form, a challenge that fits the fast pace of life here.

3. WHAT DRIVES THE AESTHETIC? That feeling of walking into a pizza shop.

4. ANY MEDIOCRE PIZZA? A proprietor once said, "New York pizza is like sex. Even when it's bad, it's good."

5. EXPLAIN THE PROJECT IN A NUTSHELL. Asking New Yorkers: "What is the city you want to see?" Then highlighting the risks of losing that vision for the sake of a Disneyfied version.

SAVANTS

Savants, with their lo-fi, often psychedelic sound, share more DNA with bands from the '70s New York rock scene than with their contemporaries. But if there is one time stamp that points to some millennial malaise, it's the "Something Part One" lyric: "And when in doubt/ I prefer to be vague." At the dawn of their eponymous debut album's release, we caught up with the brains behind our favorite New York band. BUSRA ERKARA

WHO EXACTLY ARE SAVANTS?

TONY PRINS: I play the guitar and sing. Charlie Porter is on drums. Charlie Halsey is on keys, Mitch Wilson on bass, Joseph Perry on organ and lead guitar, Leo Skillet on percussion.

WHEN AND HOW DID THE BAND START?

CHARLIE PORTER: In the summer of 2012, Tony and I were working for a brand in lower Manhattan, and we started listening to records and going to shows together. Shortly after, we decided to do our own thing.

HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THE NAME SAVANTS?

CP: When we first started hanging out, we were kind of throwing that around as like a

slang term. We'd be at shows, and we'd be like, "Oh yeah, this guy's a real savant."

TP: It was a way of complimenting people that were doing something right. And it also just looks really good on paper.

THERE IS A CBGB VIBE TO YOUR MUSIC.

CP: We use a lot of analog gear in our recording and demoing process. So it has the warmth and sound of a lot of the records we like from the '70s and late '60s, but we're trying to put our own twist on it.

ANY STRONG MUSIC MEMORIES FROM YOUR FORMATIVE YEARS?

TP: I remember being in a gym class in high school where we were doing a wrestling exercise, and I was finding the brute force and the violence hard to get into. Then my gym teacher put on "Beat on the Brat," and it charged me up. I was like, "Wow, this music has a good heartbeat to it!" and it kind of just made me want to make something that had a pulse like that.



photographed by xenia rollinson.

BOOK REVIEW:

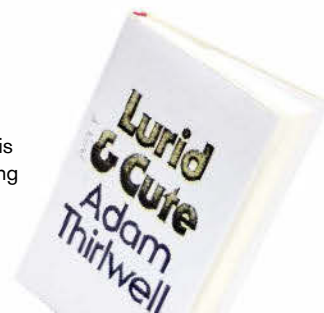
LURID & CUTE

BY ADAM THIRLWELL

An urban novel set in a nameless city and a crime story told with fake guns, Adam Thirlwell's latest book, *Lurid & Cute*, is packed with contradictions and idiosyncrasies that far outstrip the parameters of its title.

Twice named by *Granta* as one of Britain's best young novelists, Thirlwell has never been short on famous fans—the club includes Tom Stoppard and A. S. Byatt. Fittingly for a writer's writer, *Lurid & Cute* should not be judged solely on its story but more so on its singular style. Sacrificing coherence for audacity, the author is at his most captivating when capturing

the poetry of life's mundanities, what he calls a "catalogue of sighs." Whether it's dog walkers, mothers, lovers, or liars, Thirlwell has a gift for taking the unnoticed and making it unforgettable. JACK DELIGTER





SERIES REVIEW:

MARVEL'S DAREDEVIL

The last time Marvel attempted an on-screen adaptation of *Daredevil*, bands Evanescence and Nickelback were relevant enough to make their way onto the soundtrack. Given the poor casting choices, cartoonish CGI, and cringe-worthy music, the 2003 rendition was campy at best. This April, Marvel and Netflix are bringing the masked vigilante back in a full-fledged crime drama.

To refresh your memory, having lost his eyesight in an accident that involves radioactive waste, Matt Murdock (Charlie Cox) is raised by his boxer father, who gets murdered upon refusing to throw a fight. Murdock grows up to be a lawyer, and

battles against injustice as a man of law by day, and the black-clad Daredevil by night. Pleasantly enough, the Drew Goddard-created Netflix version delves deeper into the story, and brings a Nolanesque realism to superhero ass-kicking—a first in the history of Marvel TV shows. By giving comprehensive screen time to characters like Wilson “Kingpin” Fisk (Vincent D’Onofrio), the series explores palpable fear, love, and everything in between. Set in a crime-ridden and threatening New York (not unlike DC’s Gotham), *Marvel’s Daredevil* is a modern-day noir. Important side note: Hats off to the opening credits that paint NYC landmarks in blood. **BERK CAKMAKCI**

RALPH POOTAWN

The best venue for trolling is anywhere earnestness thrives. In the online world of *Second Life*—a dense community game like *The Sims*—players act out every mundane aspect of existence. Before he mysteriously disappeared, *Second Lifer* Ralph Pootawn was the best troll in the game. This revolting puke-green creature would find couples while they were having sex, approach, crack open a beer, smoke a pipe, and just, kind of, hang out. Ralph just wants to watch.



trolls.edu

A WHO'S WHO OF THE INTERNET'S BIGGEST TROLLS.



DAVID THORNE

David Thorne was behind on a utility payment. In fact, a 2008 pro forma email from a Jane Gilles listed Thorne as overdue by \$233.95. Thorne’s solution? He responded with this drawing of a seven-legged spider, which he valued at exactly \$233.95. He signed off, “Trust that this settles the matter. Regards, David.” It didn’t, but we were treated to a perfect troll.



BERTA LOVEJOY

Berta Lovejoy is a fake YouTube commenter who emerged from the bowels of Reddit. She reviews perfectly innocuous “top videos” from the site, and turns their comments sections—just subtly enough—into circuitous arguments railing against male-dominated society. Berta is a prolific meta-feminist troll. Her sign-off: “Berta Lovejoy, Feminist, Promoter of Equality, Love, and Peace.”



PATTON OSWALT

On August 17, 2013, you might have read comedian Patton Oswalt’s disgusting tweet: “My grandchildren had better be WHITE.” If you were outraged by it, you probably didn’t read the preceding tweet: “For you simpletons who see everything in ‘black’ and ‘white’: if racism, misogyny, hatred and fear are BLACK, then.” Put both tweets in order, and you have a fabulous two-part troll.

MAX HEADROOM

Known ominously as the Max Headroom Incident, this troll isn’t technically an Internet job, but an analog prank that paved the way for future freedom fighters. In 1987, a person wearing a mask of the British TV character Max Headroom hijacked a local U.S. television broadcast, jumped around, ranted about Pepsi and Preparation H, and even quoted New Coke’s advertising slogan, “Catch the Wave.” “Max” was never caught.



KEN M.

Ken M. is a pro. He can be found on Twitter at @horseysurprise, or as a guest troll contributor to CollegeHumor. Ken’s mastery is in his choice of venue—Yahoo and Facebook mostly—where he goads the elderly by filling the comments sections with almost-sincere but slightly-off critiques of baking tutorials and juicer rankings.



4CHAN

The semi-anonymous online sharing community 4chan has harbored many trolls over the years, but perhaps its greatest achievement was using spambots to rig Boston radio station KISS 108 FM’s meet-Taylor Swift contest. Before the station canceled its giveaway over malfeasance, audiences were treated to this face, 39-year-old Charles Z., sitting creepily in first place alongside droves of lagging “Swifties” desperate but unable to meet their maker.



STUCK ON YOU

MODEL-TURNED-ACTRESS **COURTNEY EATON**
TALKS *MAD MAX: FURY ROAD* AND THE ART
OF THE PRISON TATTOO. BY NICOLAS STECHER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUY LOWNDES

jumpsuit by solace
london, shoes by
asos. stylist's own
necklace and earrings.
opposite page: top
by vatanika, pants
by solace london.
stylist's own
earrings, necklace,
and rings. stylist:
dani michelle. hair:
bobby eliot at tmg-la
using oribe. makeup:
andre sarmiento
at tmg-la using
chanel rouge coco.

Courtney Eaton just might be the girl of your dreams. OK, well maybe not the girl of your dreams exactly, but she certainly has a knack for invading the dreams of others—even before they meet her. Such was the case when George Miller, the legendary film director who created the *Mad Max/Road Warrior* franchise, cast Eaton in his highly anticipated 21st-century reboot: *Mad Max: Fury Road*.

"His ideas and his film and his characters come through in dreams, so he's very specific on the look of the character, and the vibe and the feeling," explains the 19-year-old Eaton from a couch buried deep in The Redbury hotel

in Los Angeles. Apparently, Miller saw the face he was looking for in a dream, and then scoured Australian modeling agencies to find the exact match. "[Fellow actress] Abbey Lee and I both got cast last, but obviously we had the vibe he was looking for."

There are worse places to launch an acting career than the dreams of Miller, a man whose cinematic vision pretty much changed the action game forever with 1979's *Mad Max*. When it was announced that Miller was working on a sequel, film nerds worldwide went into hyperventilation. Did Eaton share their enthusiasm?

"No—I didn't know what it was. When I was asked to audition, I thought it

was *Mad Men*!" she says and bursts out laughing. "But my dad is a massive fan. He was like, 'No! It's like a massive cult film. It's huge!'"

Given that Eaton was born 17 years after the original first hit theaters, being somewhat oblivious to just how lucky she scored is understandable. And things haven't gotten much more difficult for the up-and-coming actress either, as her next film, *Gods of Egypt*, was booked after only meeting with its director once, via Skype. Being in her company, witnessing the ease of her grace and relaxed charm, it's obvious why. Eaton verifiably glows with the youthful zeal of a girl on the cusp of a dream. But this time it's not somebody else's dream, it's hers.



Off camera, Eaton shares one pastime with the petrol-thirsty outlaws in *Mad Max*: homemade tattoos. Here she shares the secrets of a proper "stick 'n' poke":

GET THE RIGHT SUPPLIES You'll need a sewing needle—preferably a thin, sharp one—a bottle of calligraphy ink, and your little tiny pattern.

ALWAYS DISINFECT! You can either put a lighter over the needle, or just leave it in hot water.

CHOOSE SOMETHING PERSONAL If you don't know what to get, don't get a tattoo. It doesn't always have to mean something, like I have plenty that mean nothing. But get something that inspires you.

GO FOR IT Get your needle, dip it in the ink, and just keep poking little dots until it forms a line. It takes *forever*.

LEAVE PLENTY OF TIME I was supposed to give Abbey a cross, but we ran out of time so all I gave her was a "T"! But she loves it.

WHAT NOT TO DO Don't use a rusty needle! Also, for Australians, don't get the Southern Cross, 'cause that comes across as dodgy.

GAME ON:

BY MATT DOLBY

STATE OF DECAY: YEAR-ONE SURVIVAL EDITION



Zombie games just keep springing up. The market has been saturated with them for years, so it's not surprising that gamers have grown weary of the undead as a motif. *State of Decay*, however, is one of the rare games in the genre that favors strategy over blunt force and cheap suspense. In a small town overrun with zombies, players take control of a series of characters looking to team up and occupy outposts. *Year-One Survival Edition* packs in all previous downloadable content along with new vehicles, and a game mode that sees supply drops filled with impressive new weapons. Be warned, though, these drops attract a dangerous level of zombie activity. AVAILABLE FOR PC AND XBOX ONE ON APRIL 28.

SPLATOON



The shooter genre, with all its bullet wounds and F-bombs, is typically aimed at adult audiences, leaving Nintendo's Wii U on the outside looking in. *Splatoon* embraces the family-friendly console with a fun, all-ages, third-person shooter. Although the game features a serviceable single-player mode, it really shines in its multiplayer online form. Two teams take sides in an arena armed with paint, then each side coats as much of the space in their team's color as possible. The vibrant palette mixed with simplistic gameplay is the ideal way to draw in gamers of varying skill levels. It's a team-based shooter to make late-night sessions a lot more colorful than just blood red. AVAILABLE FOR WII U IN MAY.

MORTAL KOMBAT X



The *Mortal Kombat* series has proven that while tricky, it is possible to successfully transition a 20-plus-year franchise across new consoles. *MK* die-hards will always be nostalgic for the epic finishing moves that captured our hearts (through our chests) in the early '90s, but a 2-D fighting platform and stock cast of characters haven't been enough to keep fans slack-jawed over the years. So for *Mortal Kombat X*, NetherRealm Studios has enhanced the series in phenomenal ways. A mixture of old and new characters look gorgeous with next-gen graphics, but the real coups are the online multiplayer Living Towers and Faction Wars modes, which offer a constantly changing set of challengers against whom players can show off their best fatalities. AVAILABLE FOR PC, PS3/4, AND XBOX ONE/360 ON APRIL 14.

po-14 sub bass line synthesizer and sequencer, \$59, teenageengineering.com.

po-16 factory melody synthesizer and sequencer, \$59, teenageengineering.com.

od-11 ortho directional loudspeaker, \$995, teenageengineering.com.

ortho remote, wireless control for od-11, \$149, teenageengineering.com.

po-12 rhythm drum synthesizer and sequencer, \$59, teenageengineering.com.

lost in sound

WITH THE SLEEK, MINIMALIST DESIGN THAT CHARACTERIZES ALL THINGS SWEDISH, TEENAGE ENGINEERING IS TRANSFORMING HOW WE CREATE AND ENJOY MUSIC. NOT ONLY HAS THE TECH COMPANY AMPED UP ITS 40-YEAR-OLD CARLSSON LOUDSPEAKER, ADDING IN THE LATEST WI-FI TECHNOLOGY AND THE WIRELESS ORTHO REMOTE, BUT IT'S COLLABORATED WITH CHEAP MONDAY ON THREE HANDHELD SYNTHESIZERS, PUTTING MUSIC PRODUCTION RIGHT AT YOUR THUMBTPITS. LOOKS LIKE IKEA, SAUNA CULTURE, AND FIVE WEEKS' PAID VACATION AREN'T THE SWEDES' ONLY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENTS.

DR. STEVE BRULE

IN WHICH WE TAKE STYLE NOTES FROM THE SARTORIALLY INCLINED IF NOT PROFESSIONALLY FASHIONABLE. BY DAN FRAZIER

After hosting three awkward seasons of *Check It Out! With Dr. Steve Brule*, television's most bizarre investigative reporter, Steve Brule, recently released an unaired sitcom pilot entitled *Bagboy*. Originally shot (and shelved) before the dubious doctor created his own infamous spin-off from *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!*, the pilot features Brule in his acting debut (and finale) as a bagger at the subpar supermarket Myer's Super Foods. John C. Reilly, Tim Heidecker, and Eric Wareheim initially served as the show's executive producers and were pivotal to its resurrection as a special on Adult Swim. When asked about his desire to create a second episode, Brule replies, "I hope and pray that their [sic] will. Do you hope and pray? You should. Gord is listening. Right now. Told you..." And with regard to another season of *Check It Out!*, Brule claims that he and his trusty cameraman Denny are currently "trying to get enough tapes of everything that is important for the viewers," including "candy," "time," and "egg rolls." But for now, the oft-blundering anchorman gives us the reasoning behind his sartorial signatures and advice on how to identify a hunk as opposed to a dingus.

HI STEVE,
BESIDES YOUR SIGNATURE GREEN
SUIT, WHAT ELSE IS IN YOUR CLOSET?
- CHARLES, MOULTRIE, GA

I keep my closet stacked full of sale cans from Myer's Super Foods. Try the cream chip beef, boy, you will like it.

STEVE!
HOW DO YOU TEASE YOUR HAIR
LIKE THAT? ANY PRODUCT?
- MATT, EUGENE, OR

It's not nice to tease, boy, name of Matt. When people come in your house, do they wipe their dang feet on you? See? Told you...

DR. BRULE,
WHERE DO YOU FIND
ALL YOUR RAD TIES?
- DEREK, YOUNGSTOWN, OH

I only have one of ties. My mommy gave it to me when she kicked me out of the dang house when I was a boy.

YO STEVE,
YOU ALWAYS ROCK THE SAME
GLASSES. EVER THOUGHT ABOUT
PICKING UP SOME NEW FRAMES?
- MARCUS, LOS ANGELES, CA

If it ain't broke, don't buy any wooden nickels you dingus. Save your money, especially the paper.

IS YOUR AMERICAN FLAG PIN
YOUR FAVORITE ACCESSORY?
- BLAKE, DENVER, CO

Aye, aye, Captain Blake! I'm giving a big kiss to the stars and stripes and stars.

HEY DR. BRULE,
WHY BRIEFS OVER BOXERS?
- TIM, NASHVILLE, TN

Keeps my berries from dangling around. Them plums hurt when you squash them.

DR. STEVE,
DOES YOUR (IMAGINARY) OLDER
BROTHER STAN ALWAYS LOOK
COOLER THAN YOU?
- IAN, ORLANDO, FL

What are you some kind of Florida hunk? Stan is cooler than *you*, turkey.

DEAR DR. STEPHEN BRULE,
AS A VINO LOVER, HOW DO
YOU GET RID OF WINE STAINS?
- COLE, CHICAGO, IL

Hey Cole, don't worry about it. Just enjoy your life and wine. I am going to call you Slaw, boy! Gonna eat you up!

HEY STEVE,
OUT OF EVERYONE YOU'VE INTERVIEWED,
WHO'S HAD THE FRESHEST STYLE?
- BRIAN, BATON ROUGE, LA

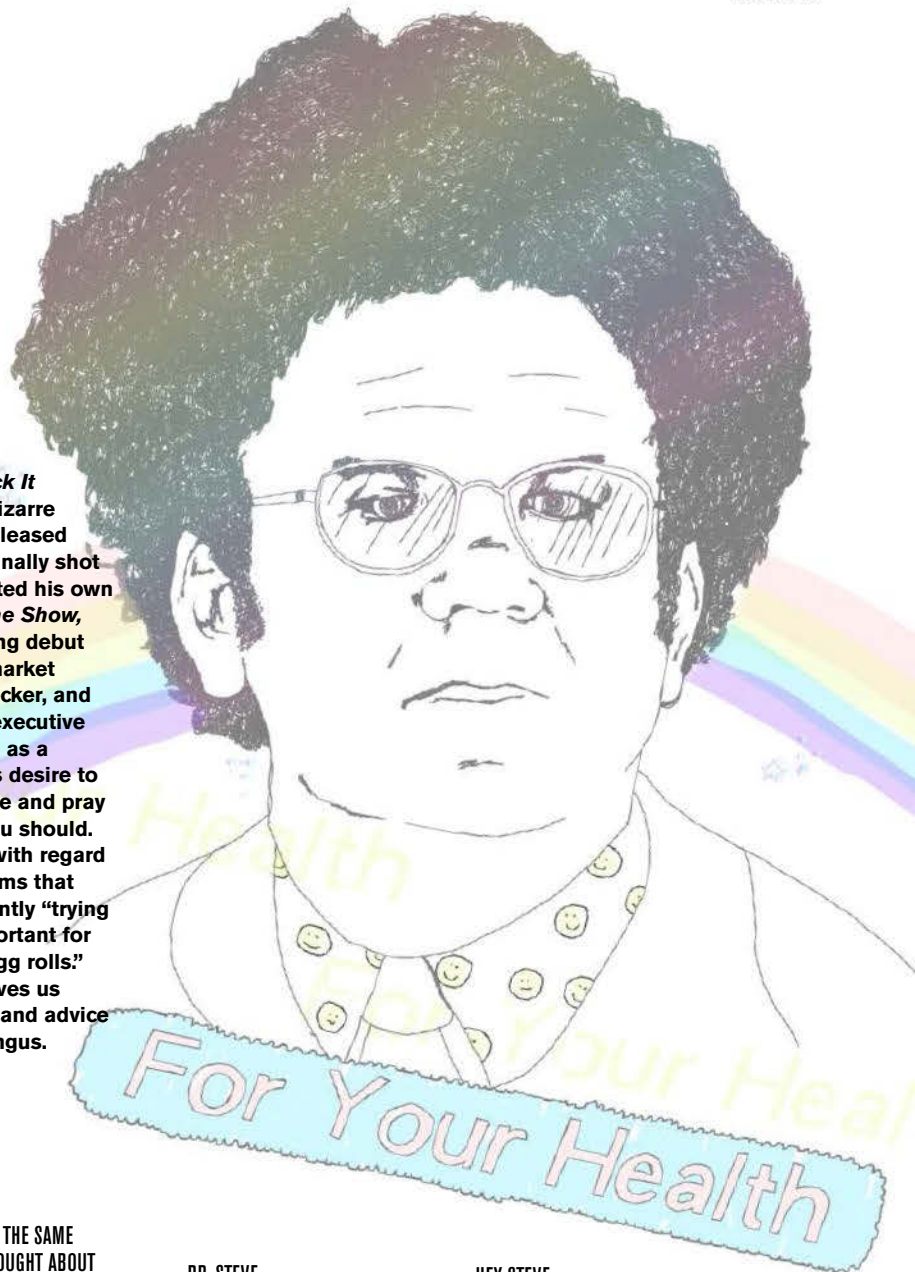
DelGrango's Seafood had the best dang crabs and shrimps I ever did eat.

WHO IS MORE KEMPT:
JAN OR WAYNE SKYLAR?
- ALAN, DALLAS, TX

Both of them are very krempt. Mind your own beeswax.

CAN YOU SPOT A HUNK OR
A DINGUS BY THE WAY THEY DRESS?
- JACOB, DURHAM, NC

No. You can tell by the trash that comes out of their mouth hole, Jacob!



THE SHINING

ICNY DESIGNER **MIKE CHERMAN** HAS SEEN THE LIGHT. BY KELLY SHAMI

"I feel like you learn New York better on a bike," says Mike Cherman, designer of ICNY, a brand of reflective apparel that started off purely as a personal-safety solution. After surviving a bad cycling accident, Cherman's mission became to create something that would help bikers stand out on the street. A self-made creative, he bounced everywhere from a brief stint at design school to a gig at the Nike Bowery Stadium bespoke shop before finding his niche at Brooklyn-based LQKK Studio, where his brand was born. Here, he discusses his line, which has become a favorite among urban adventurers and the style set alike.

WHAT DOES ICNY STAND FOR?

Eye See New York or I See New York. It's my life in the city and my perspective as a New Yorker. We want to equip street athletes with all the survival tactics they need to function in the overcrowded cityscape.

YOU'VE REMINDED PEOPLE ABOUT THE ALLURE OF REFLECTIVE MATERIAL. WHAT'S IT LIKE WORKING WITH IT? At first, the biggest challenge was getting the reflective effect to apply to knitted socks. The innate property of reflective material is glass beads—millions of them. When adhering something as rough and rigid as reflective material onto socks, it was a big struggle to not have it crack, break, or peel. It took over three years of research and development to finally create an anti-cracking reflective application for our socks. It's triumphs like these that set our brand apart from the rest

of the market, and we will continue to push and debut further improvements.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR COLLABORATION WITH PUMA.

We've linked up with Puma to release three capsule collections in 2015. It's been one of the biggest thrills of my life to be able to work on footwear. As a kid, there was nothing I loved more than sneakers. Growing up, I would furiously draw sneakers in the back of my notebooks at school. It's a huge moment for my inner child.

WHERE DO YOU FIND INSPIRATION?

Riding the subway, riding my bike, riding in cabs. I constantly am inspired by people-watching. New York is the reason ICNY exists in the first place. Keeping my ear to the street is the only way for me to keep pushing the progression and continue to be inspired to build smarter and more functional products tailored to our consumer.

WHAT MAKES ICNY UNIQUE? Reflective gear has been blowing up lately, from streetwear brands all the way to the red carpet. I think that ICNY will always have an edge on the competition by continuing to focus on function, while keeping it fashionable, and not trying to go too deep into either category. It gives us the ability to dabble in both performance sportswear and menswear with an athletic touch.

WHAT IS YOUR BEST ADVICE FOR YOUNG CREATIVES LOOKING TO START A BUSINESS? I believe in one thing: hard work. Work hard and surround yourself with people who do the same. Never stop believing in your dream. There will be bad days, but don't stop celebrating the little victories. And take it all one day at a time.



icny x puma



mike cherman

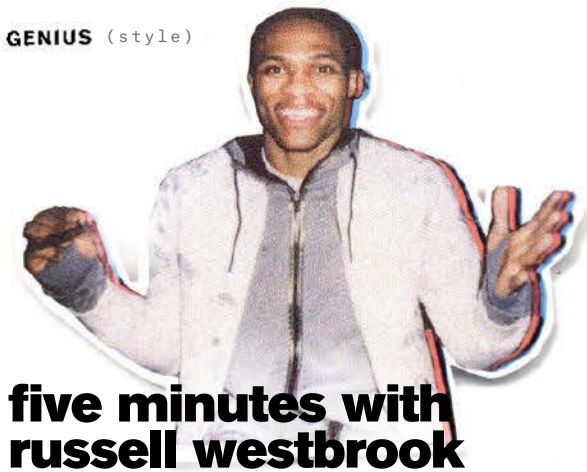


mike cherman and puma collaboration photographed by kelly shami. product and lookbook images photographed by ellington hammond and styled by mellany sanchez.

New Axe White Label
BODY WASH



FOR A FRESH, INVIGORATING CLEAN



five minutes with russell westbrook

From thunderous (yup, we just said that) dunks to post-game pressers gone viral to a clothing and accessories line at Barneys, Russell Westbrook's renown is as rooted in basketball as it is in culture and fashion. This February, New York City played home court to both NBA All-Star Weekend and Fashion Week, so the Oklahoma City Thunder's sartorial standout had a busy trip to our hometown. Still, we caught a few minutes with him at the launch party for his eyewear line's collaboration with JackThreads to rap about clothes, hoops, and the All-Star Game MVP award, which he accurately figured would go to...well, him. **TAJ REED**

NYLON GUYS: YOU'RE ONE OF THE LEAGUE'S STANDOUT GUYS WHEN IT COMES TO FASHION. THE FACT THAT NEW YORK IS HOSTING FASHION WEEK AND NBA ALL-STAR WEEKEND MUST BE GLORIOUS FOR YOUR SCHEDULE.

RUSSELL WESTBROOK: Yeah, it's fun, man. I get to kill two birds with one stone. For me, it's good to be interactive with both—do a little business, do a little basketball—it's great.

ANY FAVORITE NYFW SHOWS SO FAR?
I just got here today, but I'm gonna check out Public School and maybe one more show.

THERE'S A CONNECTION THERE, NO? PUBLIC SCHOOL RELEASED A SNEAKER WITH JORDAN BRAND.
Yeah, they got the collab. But I didn't get it yet.

YOU'RE A JB-SPONSORED ATHLETE, THOUGH! WHAT'S THE HOLDUP?

I don't know why I don't have it, to tell you the truth—I should! But, for now, I'm looking forward to seeing the [Public School] show. It should be good.

YOU'VE GOT A HANDFUL OF COLLABORATIONS, HOWEVER, TO LAST YOU UNTIL THAT SNEAKER COMES AROUND. HOW OFTEN DO YOU DRESS IN YOUR OWN GEAR? Always! Today I have my Jordan sweater on and I usually throw on at least one piece at a time. But sometimes I go all Westbrooked-out.

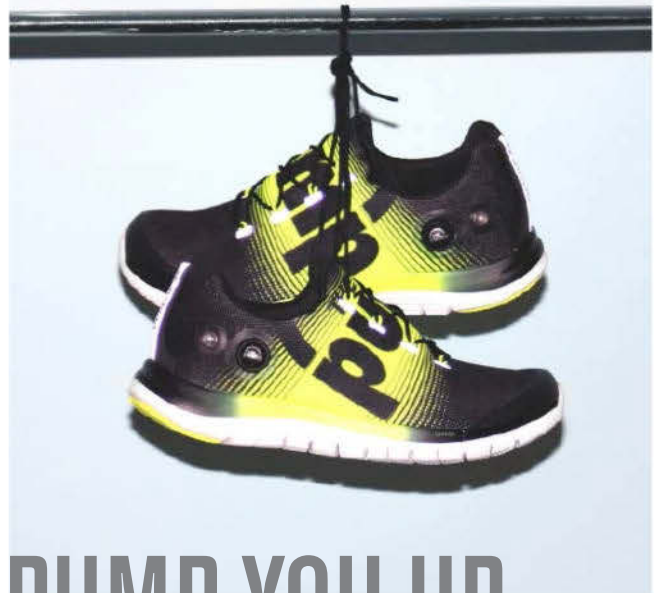
AFTER WHICH, YOU WALK INTO MJ'S OFFICE AND SLAM-DUNK A PACK OF HANES LAY-FLAT T-SHIRTS IN THE TRASH CAN?
[Laughs] Right. Switch it all up.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR PROJECT WITH JACKTHREADS. The JackThreads people met with my people, came to the office, walked around, and thought it'd be a great idea to collab on some shades.

SIMPLE ENOUGH. BUT THIS ISN'T YOUR FIRST TIME AT THE RODEO, THOUGH.
No, not my first time, but I'm just happy to be at the rodeo, I can tell you that much.

CHOOSE ONE: ALL-STAR MVP OR NBA'S BEST DRESSED. [Laughs] I would have to say All-Star MVP, because basketball is my platform. Without basketball I probably wouldn't be able to venture out and do all of this fashion stuff. Basketball is my main focus, and then fashion comes right after.

IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WON'T WEAR? Yeah, a skirt. I'd never wear a skirt.



PUMP YOU UP

WE TEST-DRIVE REEBOK'S NEW ZPUMP FUSION AT THE BRAND'S SPORTY HEADQUARTERS. BY MARISSA SMITH

Reebok has always given me #tbv vibes, thanks to my infatuation with its Insta Pump Fury from the early 1990s. Everyone knows that shoe is iconic, essential Reebok. So, in answer to our prayers for more Pump, the brand has launched an athletic shoe, dubbed the ZPump Fusion, that incorporates a new version of that beloved pump technology.

Naturally, I jumped at the chance to visit Reebok's headquarters in Canton, Massachusetts, to test out this new style, and the experience did not disappoint. First off, that building. The headquarters are surrounded by a track, and include a gym, a CrossFit box, a basketball court, exercise studios, and even a small Spartan Race course outside. It's the kind of

workplace that puts all of us desk-dwellers to shame.

When the time came to try the shoe, I got to see how it fits, feels, and moves during different types of workouts. The ZPump Fusion is comprised of three main parts: the Fusion Sleeve, which holds together key components of the shoe and fuses the Pump to your foot; the Pump technology, which features an air-filled cage around the sides and top that molds to the foot for a locked-in custom fit; and the Z-rated outsole that helps with high-speed performance (inspired by Z-rated tires to provide control). The shoes were perfection—I ran backwards with ease, glided through the obstacle course unfettered, flew up the stairs and around cones. And needless to say, all decked out in sleek black and neon, I looked good doing it.





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SLICK BACK

POMADE IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND.
BY JADE TAYLOR. PHOTOGRAPHED
BY BRAYDEN OLSON



layrite super
shine pomade,
\$16, layrite.com



crux supply co.
styling pomade, \$14,
cruxsupplyco.com



byrd classic
pomade, \$14,
byrdhair.com

THE "CRYBABY"

Lead your very own gang of "drapes" by unleashing your inner '50s greaser. Start by slicking your hair back and leaving some strands in front of your face (because you're a rebel, duh). Then top it off with a classic black leather jacket, white T-shirt, and a pocket knife comb to win over a "square."



THE "SWINGER"

Being a chronic bachelor is the name of your game, ain't it? So get your pompadour nice and high with the most intense holds on the market. Whether you're going on an audition or flying out to Vegas with your bros, at least you can be sure of one thing: You may be swinging, but your hair won't be.



uppercut deluxe
monster hold, \$18,
uppercutdeluxe.com



layrite cement
pomade, \$19,
layrite.com



shiner gold psycho
hold pomade, \$14,
shinergold.com



bumble and bumble
semisumo, \$29,
bumbleandbumble.com



byrd light pomade,
\$14, byrdhair.com



uppercut deluxe
featherweight, \$18,
uppercutdeluxe.com

THE "GOODFELLA"

Have you ever uttered this quote to yourself: "As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to be a gangster"? Great. You've come to the right place. Start by side-swooshing your locks with a lightweight, buildable pomade and form your very own mafia of grooming products. The only crime you'll be committing is being ridiculously handsome.





TOTAL ECLIPSE

TWIN SHADOW'S LATEST ALBUM GLOWS WITH EARLY '90S POP-SOUL VIBES. BY KENNETH PARTRIDGE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDI ELLOWAY

George Lewis Jr. is used to hearing names like Morrissey and Prince—two of the artists he's been compared to since emerging from Brooklyn in the late '00s as soulful synth-pop style maven Twin Shadow. Jon Secada? Not so much.

That may change with *Eclipse*, Twin Shadow's terrific third album and first since leaving 4AD for Warner Bros. Lewis's major-label debut smolders with earnest mid-tempo jams not unlike Secada's "Just Another Day," a top-five hit for the Latin-pop superstar back in 1992.

The reference makes Lewis chuckle—not because he disagrees, but because his friend Milan Zrnica, the photographer behind the *Eclipse* album artwork, is way into Secada. And he's not the only one. "His songs are amazing," admits Lewis. Occasionally, Zrnica will call out, "Hey, Jon Secada" to Lewis in jest—especially when Lewis wears an outfit like the one he is in today. On this frigid afternoon in New York City, the combination of no socks, brown

leather slip-ons, and slightly baggy jeans might not have been the wisest choice. Fortunately, he's nestled in the lobby of the SoHo Grand Hotel, and soon he'll be back in Los Angeles, where the Dominican-born, Florida-raised singer-songwriter and multi-instrumentalist moved after releasing his last album, 2012's *Confess*.

While *Eclipse* standouts "To the Top" and "Turn Me Up" have a laid-back, early '90s flavor, and the piano-powered "Old Love/New Love" catches a vintage house groove, Lewis didn't consciously deviate from the more guitar-driven new-wave sounds of his first two records.

"There's no direct influence, but in actuality, I'm more influenced by '90s Madonna and Michael Jackson—and

Jon Secada—and anything that was on the Jock Jams collections," the 31-year-old says. "Those were the songs that were really playing when I was coming up, before I was a teenager. Those things exist inside of me—the Ace of Base inside of all of us."

It wasn't until he was 19 that Lewis discovered groups like the Smiths—and with *Eclipse*, he's aiming for listeners around that age. What he hopes to give them with these songs of redemption and new beginnings is something more personal than the club music his friends keep urging him to make.

"If I were 17 years old, I would want so bad for there to be a record that I could drive around with or sit in a park with headphones—something to listen to by myself and experience by myself, that doesn't have to be about community," says Lewis. "I wanted to make a record that somebody can keep as their own."

TWIN SHADOW'S GUILTY-PLEASURE PLAYLIST

"KISSING YOU," DES'REE

There's really nothing to be embarrassed about in loving this song. But when you're 13, listening to the *Romeo and Juliet* soundtrack, and your sister's best friend walks in on you dancing to it, you are ruined.

"LOCOMOTIVE BREATH," JETHRO TULL

My dad loved this band. I did my best to try to relate to him with Led Zeppelin or Hendrix, but unfortunately he is more a flute guy than a guitar guy. But this song had enough guts for us to rock out to in the old Dodge Ram van.

"...BABY ONE MORE TIME," BRITNEY SPEARS

When this came out, I was dating a girl who was both obsessed with and looked a little like Britney. I would pretend I was above it, but the good Lord knows that my inner 12-year-old girl was enjoying every moment.

"POP," 'N SYNC

I was a closet 'N Sync fan toward the end. It was a hard thing to get away with. Thank God *Justified* came out, and let us all out of the closet.

"YOUR HOUSE," ALANIS MORISSETTE

I grew up with six girls, and this record got mad heat in my house, at the beach, before church, after church. I went back recently and listened to it, and it's just stunning. I'm currently leaving myself a reminder to do a remix at some point.



wear it **#tightorwide**

G-STAR RAW
J E A N S

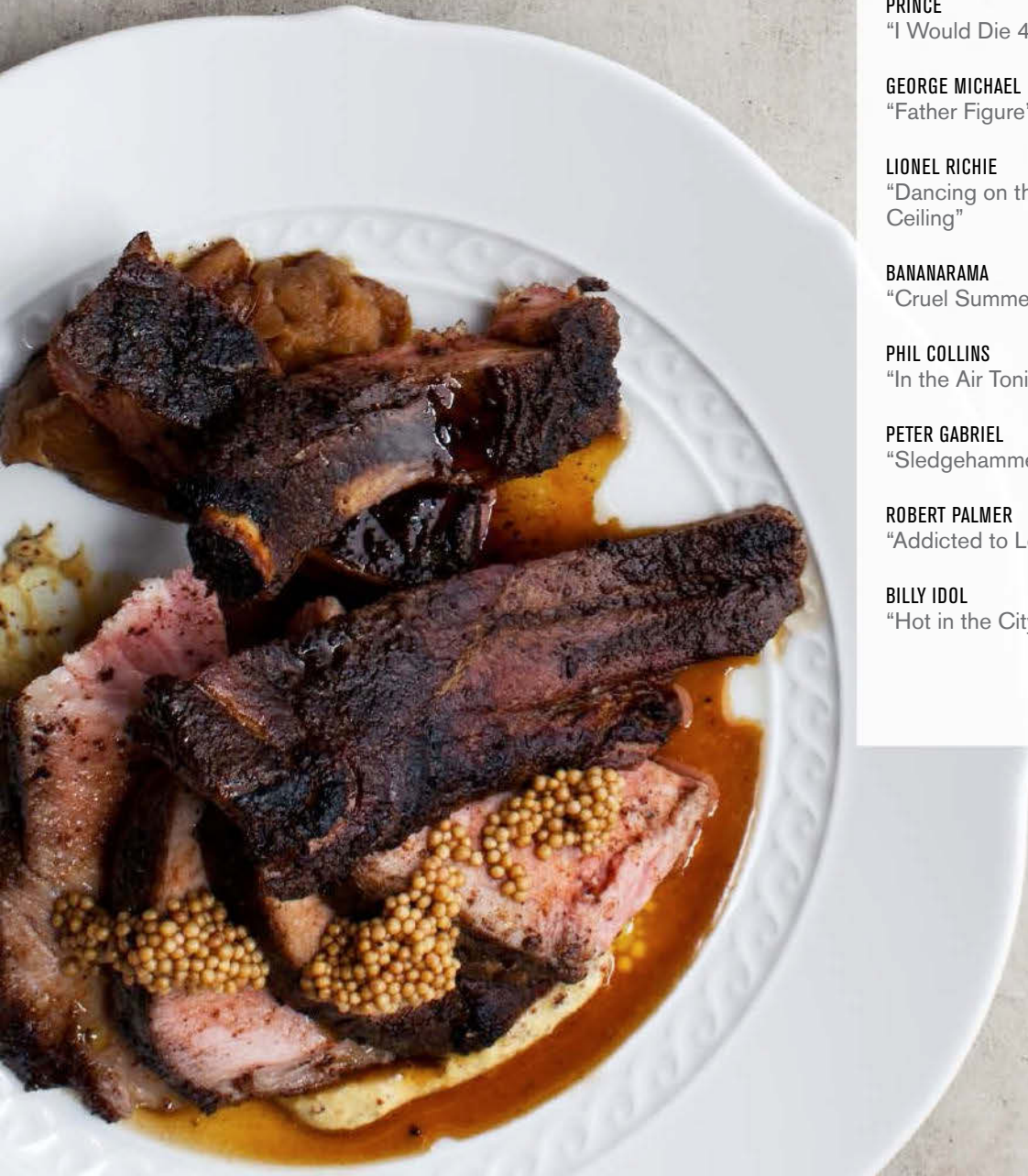
photography by ellen von unwerth | g-star.com

MIXTAPE:

DIRTY FRENCH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHARON RADISCH

Looking for the empire state of French decadence that you remember from a past life? Leave it to chefs Mario Carbone and Rich Torrisi to put that on a plate, throw some Berbere spice on top, and serve it to you in a dining room that could easily be Charles Saatchi's own. Here, the team from the Lower East Side's Dirty French shares the jams that go best with their *porc aux moutardes*.



DAVID BOWIE
"Fame"

PRINCE
"I Would Die 4 U"

GEORGE MICHAEL
"Father Figure"

LIONEL RICHIE
"Dancing on the Ceiling"

BANANARAMA
"Cruel Summer"

PHIL COLLINS
"In the Air Tonight"

PETER GABRIEL
"Sledgehammer"

ROBERT PALMER
"Addicted to Love"

BILLY IDOL
"Hot in the City"

HUEY LEWIS
"The Power of Love"

DURAN DURAN
"The Wild Boys"

THE CURE
"Close to Me"

NEWCLEUS
"Jam on It"

FAT BOYS
"The Fat Boys Are Back"

TALKING HEADS
"This Must Be the Place"

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
"Radio Nowhere"

MICHAEL JACKSON
"Dirty Diana"

KENNY LOGGINS
"Danger Zone"

BOBBY BROWN
"My Prerogative"

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Jennifer Hudson, Stand Up To Cancer Ambassador

Shiva Malek, Ph.D.

MESSAGE RECEIVED

BE A MAN OF FEW WORDS IN SPRING'S NEW GRAPHIC TEES.

NAME: JEFFREY MEN. AGE: 22. OCCUPATION: ACTOR. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? T-SHIRT BY HUF, JEANS BY ZAK BRAND, SHOES BY NIKE.

TASTE



JUNKFOOD, \$36

FRESH SELECTS

PAUL SMITH, \$250

YEAH!!

MARC BY MARC JACOBS, \$78

GO!

NEW TAKES ON
THE SEASON'S
MOST ESSENTIAL GEAR

BROGUE CULTURE

WING TIPS FLY OUT OF THE CONFERENCE ROOM AND ONTO THE STREET.

NAME: TYLER POSTIGLIONE, AGE: 19, OCCUPATION: STUDENT. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? JACKET AND PANTS BY H&M, SHIRT BY STÜSSY, SOCKS BY RICHER POORER, SHOES BY FLORSHEIM LIMITED.

TASTE





[1] cole haan, \$328 [2] vince camuto, \$125 [3] brunello cucinelli, \$1,185 [4] esquivel, \$725 [5] john lobb (available at mrporter.com), \$1,435 [6] grenson, \$445 [7] h&m, \$80 [8] church's, \$820 [9] dr. martens, \$350 [10] sperry, \$185.

SUPERSIZE ME

TASTE

TOSS IT ALL IN ONE OF THESE XXL WEEKENDER BAGS.
NAME: GABRIEL LIBERTY, AGE: 23, OCCUPATION: ACCESSORIES DESIGNER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
SWEATSHIRT BY JOHN ELLIOTT, T-SHIRT BY FEAR OF GOD, JEANS BY J BRAND, SHOES BY DEL TORO,
HAT BY GL NYC, BRACELET BY MIANSAL, BAG BY WILL LEATHER GOODS.





[1] calvin klein white label, \$250 [2] burberry, \$1,995 [3] louis vuitton, \$3,000 [4] ermenegildo zegna, \$1,650 [5] saint laurent by hedi slimane, \$2,990 [6] sandqvist, \$283 [7] michael kors, \$20,000 [8] chanel, price upon request [9] bottega veneta, \$2,800 [10] coach, \$695 [11] marc jacobs, \$2,675 [12] mulberry, \$1,000.

HOT-BUTTON ISSUE

THE SHORT-SLEEVED OXFORD GETS DOUSED IN PRINTS.

NAME: NOWA HAN. AGE: 24. OCCUPATION: TATTOO ARTIST. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
SHIRT BY GUESS, T-SHIRT BY H&M, PANTS BY SUPREME, SHOES BY PUBLIC SCHOOL.





[1] american eagle outfitters, \$35 [2] mark mcnaury new amsterdam, price upon request [3] dsquared², \$390 [4] original penguin, \$79 [5] ambig, \$48 [6] mr. nieves, \$227 [7] volcom, \$55 [8] marni, \$460 [9] howe, \$99 [10] asos, price upon request [11] marc by marc jacobs, \$198 [12] natural selection, \$250.

BLUE-COLLARED

TASTE

DO-IT-ALL DENIM JACKETS LOOK COOL IN EVERY WASH.
NAME: MARK SHAMI, AGE: 23. OCCUPATION: JEWELRY DESIGNER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? JACKET BY GUESS,
SHIRT AND PANTS BY TOPMAN, SHOES BY BOTTEGA VENETA, BRACELET BY MARK SHAMI, WATCH BY ROLEX.





[1] american eagle outfitters, \$80 [2] natural selection, \$235 [3] michael bastian, \$445 [4] silver jeans co., \$88
 [5] calvin klein jeans, \$245 [6] mavi, \$118 [7] 7 for all mankind, \$378 [8] levi's, \$78 [9] dkny jeans, \$100
 [10] gap, \$80 [11] diesel, \$248 [12] cheap monday, \$105.

CAPS LOCK

SHIFT INTO BOLD BASEBALL HATS.

NAME: MAX MELLMAN. AGE: 24. OCCUPATION: FREELANCE SOUND MIXER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
JACKET BY H&M, SHIRT BY CREMIEUX, JEANS BY LEVI'S, SHOES BY RED WING, HAT BY FAIRENDS.





[1] mark mcnaury new amsterdam, price upon request [2] lacoste, \$40 [3] stüssy, \$34 [4] cheap monday, \$40 [5] gents, \$68 [6] dsquared², \$135 [7] fairends, \$55 [8] alexander wang, \$125 [9] kangol, \$46 [10] huf, \$36 [11] express, \$27 [12] marc by marc jacobs, \$98.

PICK UP THE SLACK

HANG IN KENNEBUNKPORT OR ON THE CORNER IN COLORFUL KHAKIS.

NAME: MAC PHIRI. AGE: 23. OCCUPATION: BOXER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? T-SHIRT BY TRACKSMITH, PANTS BY LIFE/AFTER/DENIM, SHOES BY CONVERSE.





[1] dockers, \$68 [2] wesc, \$70 [3] polo ralph lauren, \$98 [4] nautica, \$65 [5] gap, \$60 [6] club monaco, \$80 [7] cos, \$115 [8] banana republic, \$60 [9] lacoste, \$110 [10] gant rugger, \$175 [11] express, \$70 [12] michael bastian, \$350.

MONEY TO BURN

TASTE

STYLISH WALLETS TO KEEP YOUR CASH CLOSE.

NAME: BLAKE ALEXANDER VULGAMOTT · AGE: 22 · OCCUPATION: NYLON E-COMMERCE ASSISTANT.
WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? JACKET BY JOYRICH, T-SHIRT BY EARLY MORNING REBEL, PANTS BY DSQUARED2,
SHOES BY DR. MARTENS, SUNGLASSES BY DIOR HOMME, WATCH BY BURBERRY, WALLET BY DIOR HOMME.



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



[1] christian louboutin, \$350 [2] louis vuitton, \$600 [3] maison martin margiela (available at mrporter.com), \$375
 [4] lacoste, \$85 [5] want les essentiels de la vie, \$295 [6] coach, \$185 [7] herschel supply co., \$35 [8] banana republic,
 \$40 [9] a.p.c., \$210 [10] bottega veneta, \$460 [11] givenchy (available at mrporter.com), \$530 [12] alexander wang, \$250.

MAN OF LEISURE

TASTE

SLIP-ON SNEAKERS, PERFECT FOR NO-FUSS, HANDS-FREE DRESSING.
NAME: GREG RIGGIO. AGE: 25. OCCUPATION: ENGLISH TEACHER. WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? JACKET BY ZARA, SHIRT AND PANTS BY ASOS, SHOES BY NUMBER 288, WATCH BY TOKYOBAY, RING WITH STONE BY NIK STONE, SILVER BAND RING BY DIESEL.





[1] christian louboutin, \$895 [2] calvin klein white label, \$80 [3] dsquared2, \$775 [4] creative recreation, \$110 [5] vans x zio ziegler, \$55 [6] lanvin (available at mrporter.com), \$590 [7] marc by marc jacobs, \$665 [8] common projects, \$430 [9] bally, \$395 [10] emporio armani, \$895 [11] axel arigato, \$215 [12] givenchy (available at mrporter.com), \$750 [13] aldo, \$100 [14] salvatore ferragamo, \$860 [15] asos, \$35.

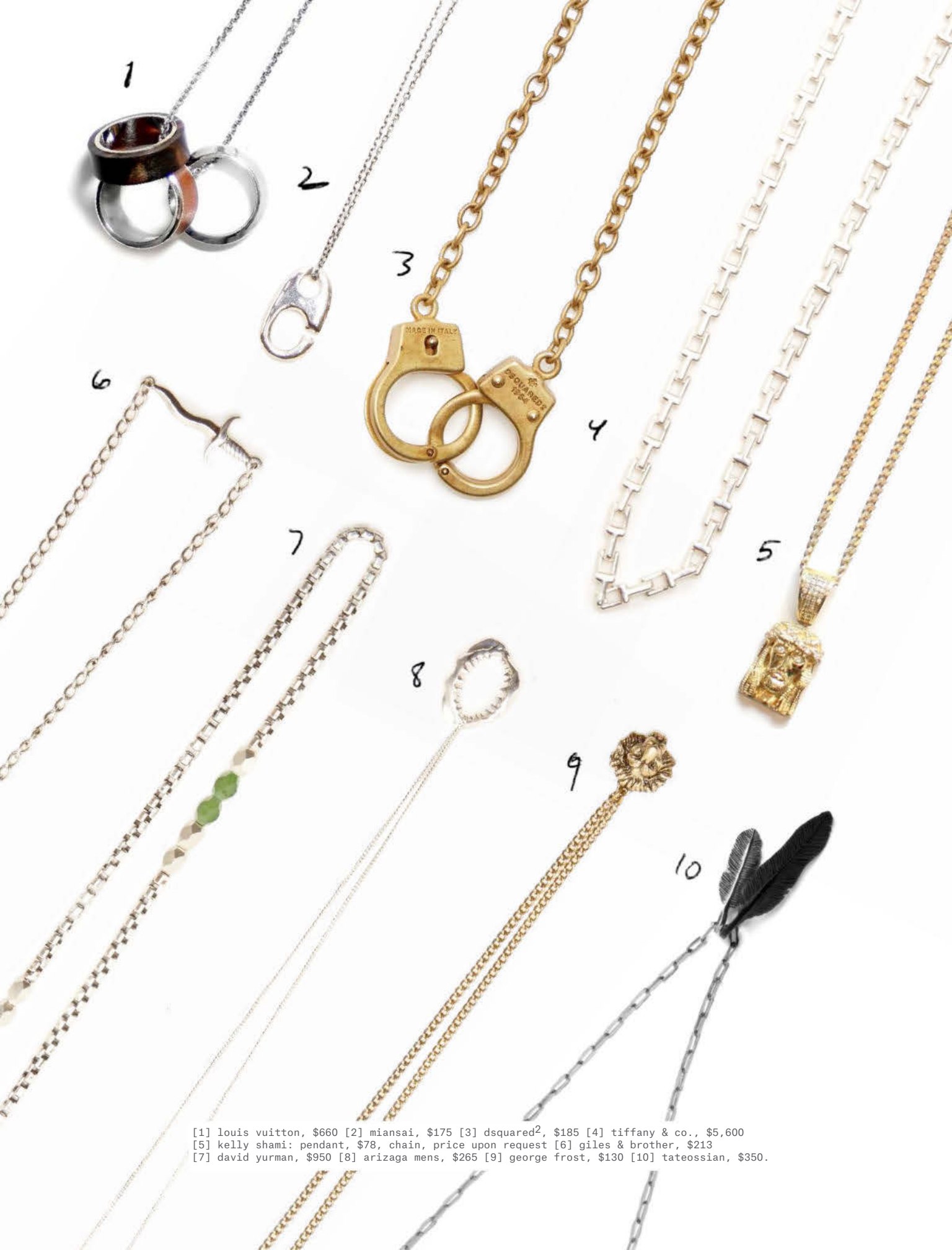
CHAIN OF COMMAND

DON'T CALL IT A NECKLACE.

NAME: SCOTT CAMERON, AGE: 21, OCCUPATION: STUDENT, WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?
T-SHIRT BY ALLSAINTS, JEANS AND BOOTS BY DIESEL, NECKLACE BY KAREN KARCH JEWELRY, MODEL'S OWN RINGS.

TASTE





[1] louis vuitton, \$660 [2] miansai, \$175 [3] dsquared2, \$185 [4] tiffany & co., \$5,600
[5] kelly shami: pendant, \$78, chain, price upon request [6] giles & brother, \$213
[7] david yurman, \$950 [8] arizaga mens, \$265 [9] george frost, \$130 [10] tateossian, \$350.

FREESTYLE WRAP

TASTE

ADD A SCARF FOR INSTANT '70S ROCK STAR SWAGGER.
NAME: SAM VISSER, AGE: 21, OCCUPATION: DJ, WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? JACKET BY MARC
BY MARC JACOBS, T-SHIRT BY GAP, JEANS BY NUDIE JEANS, SHOES BY NIKE, SCARF BY ALEX MILL.





[1] burberry prorsum, \$1,150 [2] hermès, \$890 [3] victorinox swiss army, \$75 [4] saint laurent by hedi slimane, \$1,295 [5] louis vuitton, \$525 [6] brunello cucinelli, \$810 [7] the elder statesman, \$1,295 [8] dolce & gabbana (available at mrporter.com), \$335 [9] g-star, \$80 [10] etro, \$340 [11] coach, \$95 [12] boss orange, \$45.
 portraits: akiko higuchi. still lifes: george underwood.



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From the dawn of time to about 10 years ago, not much changed in comedy. People stood around being funny, sometimes with friends. Other people laughed, within earshot, on the sofa, or stuck in traffic. Then we saw the potential of the Internet for more than porn. Podcasts became the new radio. YouTube showed up and nobody knew what to do with it—at first. Ditto Twitter. Five years ago Instagram arrived, giving credence to doughnut pics and selfie sticks. Vine's only been around two years and has already launched careers—even in porn: grunt, moan, sigh, repeat.

BILLY EICHNER

To a lot of folks, and a few critics, "Billy on the Street" is the guy who screams at people. He's the brash, imposing New Yorker who hounds unsuspecting pedestrians with urgent and highly subjective questions about celebrity culture.

In the three years he's been doing this, Billy's scared people away, pissed people off, and been called an asshole you can't help but like. "Nine out of 10 people walk away," says Billy Eichner, the man behind the character. "You just never see that footage." What people do see is Eichner barging breathlessly into the personal space of everyday New Yorkers, often with a celebrity sidekick in tow, like Paul Rudd, Amy Poehler, Neil Patrick Harris, or Rashida Jones. They've also seen him play "Would Drew Barrymore Like That?" with Drew Barrymore, his voice becoming shrill whenever she got a question wrong: "No! Drew Barrymore would not like milk chocolate, it's beneath her!" And now they've seen him yell at Michelle Obama, the First Lady of these United States, while Big Bird looked down in judgment with those sad, bulbous eyes.

But there's a lot more to Billy on the Street than yelling. "When people say he's the guy that screams, it's not really giving the full picture," says Eichner. "There's a lot of pointed, smart, subtle commentary in the show about celebrity and pop culture." Billy's screams are ironic screams, satirical and self-aware. They embrace and lampoon in equal measure. "When I go up to a random black teenager on the street and ask, 'How does Lake Bell stay so grounded?' there's obviously a perspective there," says Eichner, "and a commentary about the entertainment industry." Eichner, born and raised in Queens, first developed his unique perspective in small New York theaters in the form of a character given to the occasional burst of anger about celebrity culture. It allowed the struggling actor to express his "love-hate relationship with the business." But the anger was complicated,

containing an acknowledgment of Eichner's obsession with the industry, an awareness of show business as "complete bullshit," as he says, and the loathing he directed inward for being so interested in it. Eichner's first idea for a "man on the street" video was to ask his Korean dry cleaner's opinion on his headshots. Eichner knew he was on to something. "It evolved into: Let me ask people about the things that are important to me with an urgency that shouldn't apply," he says. "Because it's celebrity crap."

Fuse bought *Billy on the Street* straight-to-series based on 10 minutes of footage, meaning Eichner could skip the step of making a pilot that the network could reject if they didn't like it. In season two, the show took "a big leap creatively," in Eichner's opinion, and more of his YouTube videos went viral more often, garnering Eichner more industry fans, like Conan O'Brien, who sent him to the Super Bowl—and Tel Aviv. By the third season, Eichner had joined the cast of *Parks and Recreation* and made an appearance on the Emmys that was seen by 20 million people.

"I could really feel a change after that," says Eichner. Since then he's sold a book, moved his show to TruTV, and signed on for *Difficult People*, a new Hulu series produced by Poehler and written by Julie Klausner, the head writer of *Billy on the Street*. In the show Eichner and Klausner will play best friends stuck in a rut of bitterness and ambition, while everyone around them evolves or succeeds. "It's not me," says Eichner of the character Klausner wrote specifically for him. "But it's much closer to who I am than Billy on the Street. And there will be little to no screaming." MIKE HARVKEY



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CHRIS SHONTING

*grooming: jessica
ortiz for bumble
and bumble at
the wall group.*

BO BURNHAM

In late 2006, a 16-year-old Bo Burnham set a camera on a pile of books, perched in front of a keyboard in his smurf-blue bedroom, and recorded a song about how his family thought he was gay.

It was just over a year after YouTube was launched, and weeks after Google bought the platform for \$1.65 billion, catapulting the site into an everyday utility for cat videos, twerking tutorials, and cringe-inducing confessionals from across the universe. Over the next few months, Burnham published a handful of silly songs ranging from an acoustic number about dating an 83-year-old to a nerdy rap about his lack of gangster cred. Somehow, something clicked, and Burnham was one of YouTube's first viral hits, earning him millions of views immediately, and subsuming him into the generation of content creators who showcase talent in rawly produced, but earnestly authentic videos. Primordial YouTube was the folk art of comedy, providing bad lighting, askew angles, and image quality blurrier than pixelated genitals.

Now Burnham flaunts nearly 900,000 subscribers, a million followers on Twitter, and two million followers on Vine. At 18, he was one of Comedy Central's youngest comics to be given a special. He also released an album on Comedy Central Records, and has crossed the country with his live act, a raucous compilation of his musical comedy stylings. By 22, he had written, executive-produced, and starred in *Zach Stone Is Gonna Be Famous*, which aired for one season in 2013.

Today, Burnham is focused on lunch. He's snarfing down a sandwich in the living room of his expansive Hollywood house, his glimmering backyard pool rippling under the sun. At 24, his still-boyish looks are offset by his towering height

and lanky figure. Soon he will be heading out on tour again, bringing his songs to stages around the U.S. "I have a space now that is interesting," he says between bites. "I don't have to go into the comedy clubs. I can do these weird little rock venues or colleges, and I can kind of work [material] out there."

Burnham grew up in the Boston area and went to an all-guys high school, where he cultivated the dorky persona that he says is a hyperbolized version of himself. "There was no coolness there. I was the theater kid. I was obsessed with putting on a show, that is what I wanted to do," he says. Then his videos exploded. "In high school, I would go open for Joel McHale somewhere, like I would go to Vegas, I would perform at the Mirage, and then I would come to sit in my history class on Monday like, 'No one knows what I did!'"

He says his exposure online became the scaffolding to build his comedic success. "I had an audience before I had an act," he says. Just don't call him a YouTube star. "I have 23 videos on my YouTube channel," he says. "There are other comedians that have hundreds of videos; they are more YouTube comedian than I am."

In the time since his first online videos, Burnham says he's been focusing on creating new material for television and films. He says he's currently writing scripts that he hopes to direct, and "won't have my face attached to it." But for now, Burnham is all about getting onstage.

"It is meant to be an honest simulation of what it feels like to be alive right now for me, which is that, like, shit is changing really quick. You are going from loud to quiet, you are going from huge to intimate, things are flashing in your face and they are big and silly and they are weird. For me as a 24-year-old kid in 2015, that feels honest." DREW TEWKSBURY

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY SCOTT LEÓN

grooming:
melissa dezarate
at exclusive
artists using
la mer and
kevin murphy.



!

On the arctic midwinter day that Elliot Tebele meets me at a packed coffee house in SoHo, his online alter ego—Fuck Jerry—has just hit three million followers on Instagram.

To test his newfound reach, I ask him to post something now and see where it's at when the interview is over. "I usually find content on the spot," he says, flipping his phone over. The screen is a shattered mess. "I never have it, like, ready to go." Forty-five seconds later he and Elie Ballas, the childhood friend seated next to him who became Tebele's business partner last year, find an image they like, a smiling Tyga and Big Sean, captioned: "After dropping off Kylie Jenner and Ariana Grande at daycare." "I'll give it a test run," he says. "See how it goes in the first minute." He hits refresh, refresh again, and says, "This one's doing relatively good. Twenty-five hundred likes in less than a minute."

We've all felt the thrill of something we've posted going viral, even just a bit. But few of us have figured out how to turn this Warholian capital into cash money, so that we might focus all of our attention on giving the people who like what we do a few moments of joy each day. This is what gets Tebele out of bed in the late morning. Lest you think what he does with his Fuck Jerry properties (which now include fuckjerry.tv, a video-based Instagram account Tebele started while waiting for a haircut) sounds a lot like what you do on social media, know this: Tebele doesn't take his role as curator lightly. "I work all the time," he says, which means every waking moment and some that fall in the dead of night. "I go through a shitload of terrible content and try to pick what I think is the best of all the bullshit, and just feed five photos a day."

Halfway through the interview, 34,000 people have liked the Big Sean and Tyga post. That means that every single minute since it appeared on Fuck Jerry, 2,000 people have hearted it. Tebele surveys his domain and proclaims

the reaction thus far "a little above average." Most of Tebele's posts could be considered a little above average. He has a formula for success. "Content first. It's gotta be right. And consistency." He pauses, two long fingers extended, before unfurling the third and last. "And enough content. You gotta get those core followers looking forward to your posts every day, and make sure it's on-point every time."

Born and raised in Brooklyn, Tebele had no idea what he wanted to be when he grew up. "I was working with my brother

selling cell phones. It was fucking shit. I got on the Instagram game early and was lucky enough that I could focus on it full-time." Tebele's role from the start has been curation. But he will soon leap into creation, with Ballas at his side. People will be hired. Content companies will be partnered with. Fuck Jerry won't just be a destination for funny photos, viral videos, and clever merchandising, it will be "a platform," according to Ballas. "Whether it's an app," says Tebele, "or just, like,

fuckjerry.com, a destination where you come for the best humor on the web. We'll have editorial, video, photos. We'll control the content." The content will be a reflection of the brand. And the brand, as Ballas sees it, is another formula—"comedy, hip-hop, New York."

Tebele checks his most recent post one last time. Twenty-six minutes have passed. He reads the tally. "It has 45,325 likes," he says. "And 6,500 comments." Tebele shrugs, pocketing his old, busted phone. All in a day's work. MH



*
TWEET

MEGAN AMRAM

It's the picture worth a thousand tweets. There it is, tucked in the corner of Megan Amram's profile, a photo that bends perception. Perhaps it's a human-size thumb with smeared drag queen makeup, or is it even a person at all?

"I liked that people didn't know if I was a real crazy person, or a fake, crazy writer person," says Amram, who has cultivated almost half a million Twitter followers who tag along for her non sequitur jokes, dark humor, and so-bad-they're-good puns. The 27-year-old moved to Los Angeles years ago with hopes of becoming a television writer. When Amram's Twitter feed gained momentum, she landed a choice gig writing for the esteemed shows *Parks and Recreation* and *Childrens Hospital*. She recently released her satirical book *Science...for Her!* which skewers the pedantic tone of women's magazines such as *Cosmopolitan*.

In person, Amram looks nothing like her avatar, not that it matters at all. But over coffee at a sleepy Burbank café, she says that smooched face is indeed her. "For a long time, there weren't any real photos of me online, which I love. There was just this horribly ugly profile picture." The picture is an ingenious way to divorce her appearance from her creative output. She unravels the twisted marriage of physical looks and entertainment-business success. Her Twitter persona isn't gendered; she's not "funny for a girl." Here, her tweets stand alone, tossed like messages in bottles into the tides of social media.

Before she tweets, sometimes she texts an idea to her twin brother. "He will rate them on his scale: good, which means tweet it; meh, which means meh; and ugh, which means no-go."

Her most retweeted post: "At what age does Ryan Gosling have to change his name to Ryan Goose?" "This is the stupidest dad joke, but it got retweeted a zillion times," she says. "I make so many puns, and I hate myself for it."

The anonymity of her character has become a kind of subtle feminist satire that she infuses into much of her work. "I wanted [the book] to be indistinguishable from a women's magazine. There's no bio of me as a real person, it's all about the fake Megan Amram who wrote the book." *Science...for Her!* offers entries like "What religion is right for your body type?" and "This Summer's Top 7 Birth Control Methods." Amram says sometimes she will be approached by people who don't grasp her satire. "It makes me so happy," she laughs. "I love when women get mad and say, 'Who is this Megan Amram? She's setting back women so many years! I want to be like, 'I'm on your side.'"

When she commits to a joke, she's in it for the long haul. For Throwback Thursday on Instagram, she has posted the same black-and-white photo of herself for the past two years. She celebrated 104 consecutive weeks of the image by printing the photo on a cake and Instagramming it. "I seem like great wife material because I'm so dedicated to my pictures," she says.

As *Parks and Recreation* comes to a close, Amram is focusing on new writing projects including a film, a television show, and even an opera. On the eve of the finale of *Parks and Rec*, she says it's especially bittersweet following the recent death of show writer and co-executive producer Harris Wittels. Before his death, the writing staff planned to watch the last episode at his house. "We were all going to gather, but now it's for a completely different thing. Our writers' room is like a family. I keep crying about it, then I have to ask my friends to talk to me about dumb stuff. This makes you see that you're incredibly lucky to be alive, and that little things don't matter." DT





KING BACH

In the nascent days of film, the intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street was the epicenter of the entertainment industry, home to movie theaters and radio broadcasters whose programs were heard nationwide. So it's fitting that a Vine Street Starbucks is the neighborhood haunt for **Andrew Bachelor**, star of a new generation of broadcasters, whose cartoonish, comedic alter ego, **King Bach**, has earned more than 11 million followers on the aptly titled video-sharing outlet Vine. And Bachelor is killing it.

His six-second sketches are the video equivalent of one-liners, offering single-scene scenarios that skewer ordinary moments or deliver outlandish antics. His personal favorite: "[The Vine that] showed me crying," he says energetically, adjusting his signature 'fro pick as he sets the scene. "And you pan out and you see that I am on a toilet, and you pan out even more and it shows that there is no more tissue left."

Leveraging his devout following online, Bachelor has earned crossover success, too, landing recurring roles on *The Mindy Project*, Adult Swim's *Black Jesus*, and MTV2's *Wild 'N Out*. He's also starring in the upcoming dorm-room comedy *Resident Advisors* and the Mike Epps flick *Meet the Blacks*.

While Bachelor's rise seems meteoric, he sees it as a long time coming. "I am classically trained. I have been studying acting for over 15 years now," he says. Bachelor went to undergrad at Florida State University and performed in different improv troupes around campus. One particular group helped him hone the rapid-fire wit he wields on Vine. "We did 30 skits in 60 minutes, so it was us against the clock," he says. Then he moved to New York to pursue an MFA in acting at the New York Film Academy. After school, his success was slow to start. "They are just teaching you all the traditional stuff: 'You have to do the auditions, you have to do this, that is the only way to do it.' I was trying and I was failing, so then I said, 'Let me try YouTube.'"

He built up around 20,000 subscribers, and developed a skeleton-crew production

team to create the videos. Then he discovered Vine. "[When] Vine came out, I was the fastest-moving on the platform. I was getting 50,000 followers a day. So I went from 3,000 followers to a million in less than a month." His prolific output fueled an explosion of followers, who tuned in for his hyperspeed, non sequitur surprises and hilarious micro-stories. Now, he makes about three videos a week, but at the beginning he made three Vines per day.

His process is simple and streamlined: He storyboards in his head and shoots it all on his phone. Off the cuff, he pitches his big-budget-blockbuster Vine: *Black Spiderman*. "There would be some criminal activity involved, and me climbing up walls and doing flips, webs coming out," he says, laughing. "It looks like I am going to save someone, but I am distracted by a pretty girl walking by with a big booty, because *Black Spiderman* loves big booties."

On Vine, views and followers are a kind of currency: the more you have, the bigger chance you have to make real money. Advertisers such as sandwich chain Jimmy John's, Disney, and Axe body spray have signed on to use Bachelor's innovative platform to gain visibility the old-fashioned way: product placement. He's also cultivated a cadre of notable friends who have appeared in his Vines, ranging from Justin Bieber to Key and Peele, the latter of whom, he says, have become mentors to him. "When I have a big career decision to make, they are the first people I text." DT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID CORTES
grooming: melissa dezarate at
exclusive artists using la mer
skincare and chanel cosmetics.



clockwise from
bottom left:
dave mccary,
nick rutherford,
beck bennett,
and kyle mooney.

GOOD NEIGHBOR

"Kyle's dress is hiked up and I'm basically fucking him from behind," says Nick Rutherford. He's squished into a booth at a diner in Times Square with Beck Bennett, Dave McCary, and Kyle Mooney. They've come here on a break from their new job to talk about their work as *Good Neighbor*. "At some point I take my pants off and shit in the yard."

"Fake shit," interjects McCary, the man behind the camera, always.

"This is broad daylight," adds Rutherford.

"The simulated sex was very explicit and on-point," says Mooney. By way of example he clutches the table and banshees a primal moan. The wholesome ears of tourists twitch.

"You blew me at some point," says Rutherford, pointing over an enormous kielbasa to Mooney. "Anyway, we're wrapping when the cops show up. Someone had told them we were shooting a porno in the front yard." The police demanded to see the footage. "We were like, 'This is an Ethernet camera; you got a Cat-9 cable?' We just gobbledygook-techno-talked them out of it." Eventually they left with a warning: "Watch what you're doing," they told the Good Neighbor crew. "There are kids around here."

Naughty, raw, tricky, clever—this is *Good Neighbor*. And the deft commingling of these elements in over 50 videos has entertained millions. McCary, Rutherford, Bennett, and Mooney met at the University of Southern California. Their onscreen chemistry is a similar combination of unlikely elements: Bennett's frat-boy looks; Rutherford's watchful frailty; Mooney's geeky abrasiveness; McCary's seamless sleight of hand. After USC they formed *Good Neighbor* in gritty South Central Los Angeles and quickly developed an online following, racking up millions of views for their work. "I think of our YouTube experience very much like a gym," says McCary. "We were practicing and getting stronger with each rep." Even their early videos showcased a vision that complicated sketch comedy and carried a subtle commentary on their chosen medium. "What if we could make a video," says Bennett, "that people didn't even know was a sketch."

"We like the idea of confusing people who stumble across our shit," says McCary.

In the beginning the group admits to aping the style of *The Lonely Island*, the comedy group—formed by cover star Andy Samberg, Akiva Schaffer, and Jorma Taccone—that rose to celebrity with viral videos such as "Dick in a Box," made for *Saturday Night Live*. "We thought

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC HELGAS

that's what you needed to do to go viral," says Rutherford. McCary adds, "The path that *Lonely Island* took got us excited to think we could get somewhere legitimate by making little videos." So it's either ironic or prophetic that *SNL* hired *Good Neighbor* in 2013 to replace the outgoing members of *Lonely Island*. Despite the major leap forward in exposure, credibility, and budget that comes with network television, *Good Neighbor* has experienced some growing pains since relocating to New York, and it's not just the difference between life on opposing coasts.

"A lot of our videos would play well on the Internet," says Bennett. "But they test first in front of a live audience."

"What we do is so nuanced that you want to watch it a few times, but it's put up on these little monitors after a big musical sketch," says Mooney. "We don't really make it easy for an audience to come in. You're either on board or you're lost."

"It's kind of frustrating," says McCary. "But laughter has become something I'm so much more aware of. We have to adapt. We still have a lot of work to do."



DUNCAN TRUSSELL

The golden age of podcasting shines on. In the world of radio, the fervent cult following of Serial was a bellwether for the future of the medium. The proliferation of storytelling showcases like the Moth or science programs including Radiolab has changed the consumption habits of listeners, offering on-demand, in-depth, and intimate ways to experience audio.



In comedy, too, podcasting has become another essential weapon in comics' arsenal of hilarity. Comedian Duncan Trussell is a prolific joke-thrower who built a reputation the old-fashioned way: start in stand-up, get bit parts on TV, guest on radio shows. But his podcast, Duncan Trussell Family Hour, pushed him to the next level.

"If not for podcasting, there would be nothing for me," the Los Angeles-based comic jokes on the phone, while on vacation in California's idyllic Big Sur. His weekly podcast is simple, capitalizing on the structure of classic radio. Trussell often opens with an extended ramble, weaving his humorous and insightful takes on everything from bike culture to Buddhism. Then he interviews an ever-interesting, slightly psychedelic spectrum of guests, which has included indie crooner Father John Misty, marijuana delivery man Gene Gentile, and spiritualist Maja D'Aoust, the "White Witch of Los Angeles."

"This comedian told me, 'Whatever you do, never talk about aliens, ghosts, or Bigfoot because it will ruin you,'" says Trussell. "Since then, I am so happy to say that talking about aliens, ghosts, and Bigfoot, among other things, has been the key to whatever success I have had."

In the early days, the North Carolina-raised Trussell honed his chops as a regular at Hollywood's Comedy Store, a veritable college for comics. "The Comedy Store is just an incredibly demented Hogwarts for comedians, where you sort of end up getting a job there. From the job, you will get a very tiny amount of stage time, which is all that you should have when you are first starting comedy," he says with a laugh. "Then you get to watch comedians go from being completely broke and starving to suddenly pulling into the parking lot in some kind of super-nice car."

But Trussell says that the status quo of comedy success has been disrupted by podcasting. "It is shifting the idea of what a comedian even is, which is a really interesting thing to watch," he says. "That definition of what a comedian is is widening so that it is no longer a guy who performs in nightclubs or at colleges or on TV, telling these jokes. It has now turned into podcasters, Instagrammers, and Viners. I think that is a wonderful thing."

In 2010, Trussell embarked on podcasting with a show called Lavender Hour with his then-girlfriend, actress Natasha Leggero. When they broke up, Trussell started DTFH, which he still produces and edits entirely by himself. "You just sit down, record a conversation, and then upload it to the Internet. You get the kind of weird pleasure that comes from people reacting to whatever point you were making. That deadline of getting it out [weekly] creates what I like in podcasts: a kind of lo-fi production, which I think is awesome."

Trussell's podcast has earned him a devout following, which he often meets on his stand-up tour, bridging the digital divide between online comedy and offline audiences. "One of the curiosities of technology is that the most high-tech stuff is returning us to the most basic way of communicating and of living," he says. "The sort of disconnected life that is common becomes more connected because of all the online communities that are springing up around podcasts. Thank God for podcasting. It is just everything." DT



PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JULIAN BERMAN



no sleep

Between *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, The Lonely Island, *Saturday Night Live* reunions, and Oscars performances, Andy Samberg barely has time to eat—but when he does, he does it well.
By Kyle Buchanan. Photographed by Kenneth Cappello. Styled by Christine Baker



Up Till...



jacket and pants by dsquared2,
turtleneck by h&m. previous page:
jacket by topman, turtleneck by h&m.
samberg's own glasses and ring.



"Do you think it's, like, a little starter mcdoodle?" Andy Samberg asks me, examining the trussed-up piece of tuna on his plate. We've just sat down to dinner at the trendy Hollywood restaurant Lucques, where the chef has prepared a special tasting menu just for Samberg, a frequent customer and self-professed foodie. Still, this initial bit of tuna is a surprise addition to the scallops, braised short ribs, and campari-and-grapefruit coupe to come—and therefore warrants a name of Samberg's own devising. "That's the official French term," he protests with mock import, before digging in. "Starter mcdoodle."

He has a way of making the phrase sound both daffy and authoritative all at once, a talent that serves Samberg well on the acclaimed Fox cop comedy *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, where, as Detective Jake Peralta, he convincingly delivers a bunch of hard-boiled police lingo without dropping a single silly punch line. When I meet up with him on this late February night, he's nearly finished shooting *Brooklyn's* second season and has come straight from the set, which might explain why he's shown up at fancy Lucques wearing a gray hoodie, the sole casual diner in a sea of sport coats. "I think I'm a little bit underdressed," Samberg says finally, about a half-hour into our meal. "It's a pretty nice restaurant! I forgot this was the order of things."

You can forgive Samberg for going full-Zuckerberg this one time, since lately, he's been stuffed into a tuxedo more often than not. A few days before our meal, he was at the Oscars performing "Everything Is Awesome," the infectiously giddy anthem from *The Lego Movie* (in which he shares rapping duties with his crew from The Lonely Island, Jorma Taccone and Akiva Schaffer); the week before that, Samberg was back in New York, celebrating the momentous 40th anniversary of *Saturday Night Live*. With his trademark boyish enthusiasm, Samberg recalls meeting his idol Eddie Murphy that night—"He shook my hand and gave me a nod, which meant the world to me"—and staying out super late at the star-packed after-party, an indulgence that the 36-year-old Samberg rarely affords himself now that he's got a sitcom and a gluten-eschewing diet to attend to.

The *SNL* anniversary also gave the actor an opportunity for some full-circle introspection. When he was cast on the show in 2005, Samberg and his Lonely Island buddies quickly came to fame for digital shorts like "Lazy Sunday" and "Dick in a Box," which established the tousled-haired twentysomething as one of comedy's premier goofballs, able to leaven even his hardest faux-rap with a good-natured sunniness that felt inherent to his appeal. All of that viral-video output—as well as a brand-new short Samberg made with Adam Sandler, "That's When You Break," a paean to *SNL* cast members cracking up during sketches—was well-represented in the anniversary broadcast. "They put our stuff in a lot of the clip packages, and it was really flattering," says Samberg. "There are people I consider to be legendary *SNL*ers who didn't have as much."



suit by marc jacobs,
turtleneck by topman,
sunglasses by ray-ban,
watch by casio.

Samberg doesn't point that out in order to brag; if anything, he feels humble about his place in the *Saturday Night Live* pantheon, and uneasy when his legacy is compared to any of his co-stars, as it recently was in a notorious *Rolling Stone* list that ranked every *SNL*er ever. Samberg placed 22nd, just above Fred Armisen and below Chris Rock. "I fared pretty well, but it still made me angry that they did it," he says. "For anyone who was a cast member who reads that and feels like shit, that's not worth however good it makes the people feel who get put higher up. I can tell you, if I was ranking it, I'd put myself pretty fucking low!"

Samberg rarely works himself up into a state of agitation—affability is his main mode—but he does have one further tweak for the Academy members who nominated "Everything

is so fucking good," he says. "[Amy] Schumer is incredible. [Nick] Kroll's show I love, *Comedy Bang Bang* I love. Eric André, *Portlandia*." Samberg recently watched a documentary that included Mel Brooks, and he found himself particularly taken with a moment when the revered filmmaker breaks up a serious anecdote with an improvised toot. "Seeing an 88-year-old make a fart sound, choosing to still think that's the way to live his life....," says Samberg, grinning widely. "I don't know, I find it very heartening."

That comedic collision between the sophisticated and the infantile is also why Samberg has long been a devotee of all things related to the mid-'90s MTV sketch show *The*

**ON MEL BROOKS:
"SEEING AN 88-YEAR-OLD MAKE
A FART SOUND. CHOOSING TO
STILL THINK THAT'S THE WAY TO
LIVE HIS LIFE.... I DON'T KNOW.
I FIND IT VERY HEARTENING."**

Is Awesome" but snubbed *The Lego Movie* in the best animated film category. "If you want to put your faith in what the Oscars think, you gotta live with that," says Samberg, taking a bite of his citrus salad. Still, he was thrilled to perform during the broadcast and shared a significant moment with longtime friends Schaffer and Taccone just before their Oscar-nominated song began. "We kind of looked at each other and just started laughing," says Samberg, "because it always feels like, 'How is what we're doing still continuing to ascend the ladder of bigness?'"

And they have further to go. This summer, Samberg hopes to shoot a Lonely Island movie that Schaffer and Taccone will co-direct, and the trio has been hard at work banging out a screenplay and writing songs for the big-screen effort. "That's ours from the ground floor," says Samberg, while noting that he's still proud of what he and the other Lonely Islanders brought to their 2007 film *Hot Rod*, which died at the box office but has since found a college-cultivated afterlife. "Making a movie is super-fucking-hard work and no one wants to put out a movie and have it not make a gazillion dollars, but I genuinely feel like I've reached a point where, when I'm old and I'm going to die, I really made the shit that I personally thought was funny."

Samberg is quick to heap praise on the famous friends who make him laugh—after watching *The Skeleton Twins*, a well-reviewed indie dramedy that starred his old *SNL* castmates Bill Hader and Kristen Wiig, he joked, "Bill's gonna win an Oscar soon, and I'll have to be all jealous about it"—and he can go on at length about the contemporary comedies he loves. "I won't miss a *Key & Peele*—that show

State, including the cult classic *Wet Hot American Summer*, conceived by *State* alums David Wain and Michael Showalter. Back in their leaner Los Angeles years, Samberg, Taccone, and Schaffer found themselves inspired to create their own videos after watching *Stella*, a series of online comedy shorts that Wain and Showalter made with fellow *State* alum Michael Ian Black, and even though those three men weren't much older than the fledgling Lonely Island trio, they appeared more mature because of their insistence on wearing old-fashioned suits in every short. "It made them seem like adults, and it allowed them to play adult things that they could ruin by acting like children," says Samberg. "We used to talk a lot about how powerful a thing that is, and how excited we were to get a little older so we could still act stupid."

And make no mistake, Samberg is definitely getting older. "I take vitamins, I've got fucking orthotics in my sneakers," he admits. "That's some 36-year-old shit." He declines a glass of wine at dinner, citing an early call time the next day and a reluctantly renewed focus on his own health: "I'm realizing that you have to watch what you eat and start drinking less, and that if you don't exercise, you're going to die sooner." His Lonely Island colleague Akiva Schaffer confirms Samberg's encroaching elderliness. "Sometimes he complains about his elbow hurting, in sort of a curmudgeonly way," says Schaffer, adding with a laugh, "It's turning him into a real square."

"OH MY GOD. WE'VE HAD SO MANY LAUGHS. WE BOTH HAVE BIG, GIANT MOUTHS THAT LOVE TO LAUGH.... [SAMBERG] IS A BIG-HEARTED WARRIOR. A BOY KING. A HOT PIECE AND A STONE-COLD FOX." —AMY POEHLER

Part of Samberg's recent maturation has involved marriage. Almost two years ago, Samberg wed singer-songwriter Joanna Newsom, and for most of last winter, he squired her around town as she promoted her movie debut in Paul Thomas Anderson's *Inherent Vice*, which Newsom narrated and acted in. "I was very proud of her and not surprised in the slightest, because I'm convinced she can do just about anything," says Samberg. He was a longtime fan of Newsom's even before they met at one of her concerts—"I was prepared to be intimidated," he says, "but she's a fun, silly woman when she wants to be"—and when he talks about his wife, he's positively beaming. "She's just one of the best songwriters I've ever heard," he says. "Her songs do the thing that's my favorite thing that art can do, which is be full of beauty and yet melancholy at the same time. 'Cause that's what life is, really: beauty, and also melancholy."

Perhaps that melancholy so intrigues Samberg because it's not necessarily the wheelhouse within which he operates. "Comedians are natural pessimists, OK?" explains his *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* co-star Terry Crews. "Their job is to find out what's wrong with everything, and that's how they find what's funny. Now, this is where Andy is different. He sees the bad, he notices it and doesn't ignore it, but then he finds the great thing about it. He goes the other way; he finds the positive, and the negative stuff never brings him down because he's thinking about how blessed and thankful he is."

Canvass his old colleagues, and that contagious good mood of Samberg's comes up time and time again. "Oh my God, we've had so many laughs," emails Amy Poehler. "We both have big, giant mouths that love to laugh.... He is a big-hearted warrior. A boy king. A hot piece and a stone-cold fox."

I chat about Samberg with Fred Armisen, who suspends his *Portlandia*-honed deadpan to gush, "To this day, I love being around him." Armisen recalls the late nights they spent together rehearsing *Saturday Night Live*, when Samberg would throw out a ribald, unexpected line that would re-energize his tired castmates: "There are things that he says under his breath while smiling, and just him doing that is enough to really shake up the scene." Armisen pauses for a moment, lost in a swoony remembrance. "God, I love that guy a lot. I really do."

A few days after our dinner, I meet up with Samberg on the set of *Brooklyn Nine-Nine*, where he's shooting the penultimate episode of his sitcom's second season. The craft services table is overflowing with some seriously unhealthy snacks, yet Samberg refrains, choosing instead to nosh on some carrots and celery dipped in almond butter. "I had a weekend of bad eating," he admits, blaming his temporary lapse in judgment on a few stray Sunday beers. "I'm glad to hear that you go off the wagon sometimes," needles nearby *Brooklyn* co-executive producer Laura McCreary, "because every time I see you, you're eating perfectly."

Samberg is soon summoned for his big scene. His character, Jake Peralta, must endure a dressing-down from Sergeant Jeffords (Terry Crews) and Detective Charles Boyle (Joe Lo Truglio): Though Jake had earlier injured himself in the line of duty, he continues to overdo it, and his colleagues are concerned for his well-being. Says Jeffords, "You put work above everything else, and it's not healthy."

The line reminds me of a candid moment from our dinner at Lucques a few nights ago, when Samberg was talking about just how packed his schedule has been as of late. "I hate it," he admitted then. "I pretty much know what I'm doing every part of the day for the next year, and saying that out loud gives me the shits."

On set, Crews points an in-character finger at Samberg. "If you don't figure out how to balance things," he tells the boy detective, "you're gonna burn out."

It's easy to understand why Samberg himself might hit that wall. It would make sense to simply start going through the motions, conserving his energy for the next major demand on his overscheduled life instead of giving much thought to the fifth take in the eighth scene of the 22nd episode in this 23-episode season. With all the things he's had on his plate recently, he should want to get in and out of that soundstage as soon as possible, right?

Instead, Samberg forfeits his next line and pulls up his shirt, seductively flashing his co-stars with a swath of his hairy belly. Lo Truglio cracks up. So does Crews. Samberg just grins, and the show goes on.




jacket and jeans
by levi's, shirt
by denim & supply
ralph lauren.
grooming: kim
verbeck at the
wall group.
prop stylist:
dave frey. photo
assistants:
curtis buchanan
and alex jaras.
digital tech:
clay rasmussen.

THE THINKER

OUT OF OFFICE

RICKY GERVAIS IS BATHED AND BY THE FIRE WITH A GLASS OF WINE AND A CAT ON HIS LAP BY 6 P.M. EACH NIGHT. HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE *DEREK*. BY NICK DUERDEN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON EMMETT





The trademark laughter—a hyena with its front paw trapped in a revolving door—makes its way out of the room, down the stairs, and into the damp streets of southeast London on this gray winter's day, and announces to anyone passing by that Ricky Gervais is in the building. "If there is an hour in the day when I am not laughing," he will say later—laughing—"I resent it."

The funniest, the most successful, and surely the most polarizing comedian of his generation, Gervais, 53, makes for a terrific conversationalist. Every opinion is a voluble one, but he is a more gentle, and warmer, proposition in the flesh than his on-screen persona might suggest. At the risk of ruining his reputation, he's a nice guy.

He is also very busy. Throughout 2015, there will be little avoiding the man. First, Netflix will screen the final installment of his TV show *Derek*, and then there are two movies in the pipeline: *Special Correspondents*, a remake of a French comedy that he is writing and directing—and also starring in, alongside Eric Bana—and *Life on the Road*, in which he resurrects his most famous creation, *The Office*'s David Brent. "I have the biology of a toddler," he explains. "I have to run around and do lots and lots of things all the time."

And then, for no discernible reason, he's laughing again.

HOW MANY BATHS DO YOU TAKE PER WEEK?

[Frowns] Well, OK, as you are a journalist, I am going to answer this question seriously, though I'm guessing you wouldn't ask the same to Kofi Annan. You are presumably referring to me filming myself in the bath a lot, then uploading the clips onto Twitter, right? I have two baths a day, one when I get up, another after I've worked out every night. Sometimes I'll have a third if I'm bored. It's a bit decadent, I suppose, and a waste of water and energy, but I do spend a long time in them, and I do emerge clean.

DEREK, YOUR TV COMEDY ABOUT A MAN, POSSIBLY WITH LEARNING DIFFICULTIES, WHO WORKS IN A HOME FOR THE ELDERLY, IS COMING TO AN END. IT HAS HAD A FAIR AMOUNT OF CRITICISM, INCLUDING ACCUSATIONS OF BEING OVERLY SENTIMENTAL. HAS THIS MADE YOU DEFENSIVE? I've been accused of being a bit combative in interviews about this, yes, and I suppose I should ignore everything and just let the show speak for itself, but I wanted to give it a fair chance. Hearing somebody else's opinion is all noise, and when it's a

negative opinion, it's like reading a toilet wall. OK, some people don't like it, but it's been nominated for an Emmy and a Golden Globe, and that's nice. And on Twitter, it's received the most emotional reaction of anything I've ever done.

MANY OF THE CHARACTERS ON *DEREK* ARE ESSENTIALLY PATIENTLY AWAITING AN INEVITABLE DEATH. DOES DEATH SCARE YOU? We're all hurtling toward it, aren't we? You have your eyes tested, and they go down a few percent every year; your knees ache from running; a hangover gets worse, and lasts longer. It's not death that scares me so much as knowing I'm going to die. The worst thing anyone could ever say to me is: "You've got three months to live." That's worse than a bad review! [Laughs] If we all died in our sleep, I would literally fear nothing in this world.



JUDGING BY THE MANY OUTTAKES YOU POST ONLINE AND ON YOUR TWITTER FEED, YOU GIVE A CONVINCING SUGGESTION OF ENJOYING LIFE ENORMOUSLY. DO YOU? I do, I do! I always remember how lucky I am every day, and at the end of every day I make sure that I was nice to everyone. I ask, "Have I stressed anyone out? Is everyone cool with me?" I wouldn't be able to sleep at night if I thought I had upset someone.

THIS MIGHT SURPRISE THOSE WHO CONSIDER YOU AN ABRASIVE, OFTEN MERCILESS COMEDIAN, QUICK TO CONTROVERSY. JUST ASK THE STAR-STUDED AUDIENCES AT THE GOLDEN GLOBES, WHICH YOU HOSTED FROM 2010 TO 2012 WITH WHAT SOME HAVE CALLED "CRUEL GLEE" Oh, people say I've sometimes offended them, but what have I really offended? Their feelings? I know that no one likes to be the butt of the joke, but I don't make jokes about things people can't help. So, OK, I made jokes about Charlie Sheen getting drunk, Robert Downey Jr. going to jail, Mel

Gibson ranting. I didn't joke about their race, did I? I wish people hadn't gotten upset by what I said, but I still justify the jokes because I'm 50, and I know what I'm doing; everything has been considered.

YOU BECAME SUCCESSFUL SOMEWHAT LATE IN LIFE, *THE OFFICE* ARRIVING ONTO OUR SCREENS WHEN YOU WERE 37. WERE YOU A HUGELY FRUSTRATED WANNABE COMEDIAN BEFORE THAT? Not really, no. I was just living my life. When I was five, I wanted to run the local sweetshop, then I wanted to be a marine biologist.



I studied philosophy at university, then I became an entertainments officer at a university, then I started working for a radio station. And then, all of a sudden, I was on television. Three years later, I won a BAFTA for *The Office*. I asked my girlfriend, Jane, afterwards, "Why didn't I do this before?" And she said, "Because you wouldn't have been any good." And she was right. I lived my life, I observed it, then I wrote about it as honestly as I could.

COMEDIANS HAVE DEMONS—THAT'S THE RULE. YOU SEEM TO CONCEAL YOURS BETTER THAN MOST...

I don't think I have any, not really. There are things I can't get out of my head, of course—like animal cruelty. I have an image in my head right now of an ill-treated elephant that I saw a few days ago. The feeling I have is of wanting to kill someone, or else cry my eyes out. I cannot stand any kind of cruelty. Otherwise? Well, if I find a lump, it's terminal cancer. That's always the first thing I think: "I'm going to die!" But I don't really have bad

thoughts or suffer from depression. I think I'm pretty happy. I have fun. You know, my working day is from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., between baths. I'm in front of the fire with my cat on my lap and a glass of wine by six o'clock. What do I have to complain about?

FOR SOMEONE WITH SUCH A HIGH PROFILE, YOU DON'T APPEAR PARTICULARLY VAIN. THE PERSONAL TRAINER DIDN'T LAST LONG, DID HE? That had nothing to do with Hollywood's influence, actually. I started making an effort after one Christmas. I was 48, and had eaten 11 sausages. I thought I was going to have a heart attack, so I decided I had to do something. I didn't want diabetes, and I didn't want to die of a heart attack like my uncle or granddad. So I worked out and lost weight. I've put a little back on now, but that's fine. I would never lose weight, or put on weight, for a film role. Partly out of principle, but frankly I can't be bothered. I'm not Daniel Day-Lewis, am I? My laziness has often been mistaken for integrity.

HAVE YOU HAD ANY WORK DONE? [*Laughs*] Somebody said to me on Twitter recently: "You're worth £80 million, and you haven't had your teeth fixed." I said: "When you are this rich, your butler chews your food for you."

YOU'RE ABOUT TO RESURRECT DAVID BRENT IN A NEW MOVIE. YOU MUST BE FEELING THE WEIGHT OF EXPECTATION? No, because I really don't care. Who's going to judge me? The whole world? So what! They can't affect me. Look, the more famous you get, the more people hate you, and the more people love you. Either way, you can't let it affect you. Too many people are affected by what people think. Imagine if Churchill were around today, running England, and somebody tweeted him: "Oh, I wouldn't take on Hitler if I were you—just leave it." Would he? For better or worse, you've got to follow your own instinct. I'm not doing stunts over Niagara Falls; I can't get killed. All I'm doing is making a film. And if a few people don't like it, so what?

DOES ANYBODY VET YOUR WORK BEFORE YOU UNLEASH IT ONTO THE PUBLIC? Sometimes I will show my girlfriend what I've written. I'll ask, "What do you think of this?" If she says, "Oh Jesus, please don't say that in public," then I know it's good.

HARDLY WORKIN'

THE TRIO BEHIND **WORKAHOLICS** DISCUSS COMEDY CENTRAL'S HOTTEST SHOW.
BY MAXWELL WILLIAMS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHANE MCCAULEY

Adam DeVine and Blake Anderson are wearing novelty bikini T-shirts and discussing their life-threatening injuries on Muscle Beach in Venice. At a party three years ago, Anderson leaped off a roof and fractured his spine. But DeVine has him beat: A cement truck hit him when he was 10, sending him into a weeks-long coma. Then last season, while shooting a basketball scene for the show, DeVine tore an ACL. "I'm unscathed, man," chimes in Anders "Ders" Holm, the third member of the comedy trio, whose insanely popular show is in the middle of its fifth season on Comedy Central. "But I'm waiting for my day to come." Anderson, the one with the curly red hair, raises his eyebrows. "That's some *Final Destination* shit," he says with a laconic California drawl.

What made *Workaholics* into a huge success is how the three heroes feed off of each other, and even when the topic is near-death, it's hard to separate fact from fiction. In real life, they are buddies to the end. On the show, they are three guys who bumble, bungle, and party their way through a grab bag of Kafkaesque situations and ribald gags, between the Rancho Cucamonga party house they live in and the single cubicle they share at a call center (though you never see them doing any actual work).

In reality, they are constantly hustling. Today, their PR person is shuttling them from one place to the next. Our interview is done in between taking selfies with superfans and talking down an Austrian muscleman who is trying to get Holm to wrestle with him. "See that moving building?" says Anderson, pointing at a muscle-bound iron pumper easily curling what looks to be about 200 pounds. "That's a human." Perhaps Holm's comeuppance is sooner than we thought. But the shirtless Austrian turns out to be





from left:
adam devine,
anders holm, and
blake anderson.

just another fan, having seen the show in his homeland—*Workaholics* is beamed into nearly 30 countries at this point.

As the guys are shuttled to a nearby photo studio to finish up their shoot, they discuss their origin story: Anderson and DeVine were in the same improv class at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa, California, and then DeVine moved to L.A., where he met Holm at the Second City improv school. While hanging out one night, DeVine showed the YouTube videos he'd been making to Holm and *Workaholics* director Kyle Newacheck, which turned into a "video-off"; talk quickly turned to collaborating. "We were like, 'We're going to make a video once a week, every week,'" says DeVine. "And the first four came out hot," says Anderson, who shortly thereafter moved to L.A. to join the group, then called Mail Order Comedy.

Comedy Central noticed these YouTube videos and signed them on. Now, five seasons later, the budgets are bigger and

they no longer actually live in the Rancho Cucamonga house, but the setting still works. They credit their success to being completely different, but somehow fitting into a comedy archetype.

"I'm the dad, Blake's the mom, Adam's the kid, and Kyle's the weird uncle," says Holm.

"I think Ders brings the—what is the brain in *Ninja Turtles*?—Krang, because Ders was a writer first. He was always like, 'I don't even know if I want to act,'" says DeVine. "I don't even know if I want to be in this group," deadpans Holm.

"Adam is just our shotgun blast," says Anderson. "He is like the fucking grenade you roll into the battle. He's got stories, he's got jokes, he's just a naturally funny dude. When you put Adam out there as the face, people are drawn."

DeVine disagrees, pointing out that when he met Anderson, he felt he was the funniest person he'd ever met. "We'll look at the same thing, and he'll look at it differently than me, which is good on any

comedy team, because the opposite side of the joke might be funnier. Also, he wears cool skateboard clothes, so he really ups the fashion game for our crew."


As we wrap up, the guys divulge that they're in the middle of expanding their comedy to the big screen. Hoping to shoot this year, the film will, without a doubt, be a comedic success. "We've been writing it and rewriting it just trying to zero in on that gold," says DeVine. "But we got Seth Rogen, Evan Goldberg, and Scott Rudin to help us produce it, so we've got a good squad behind us." And before that silver-screen adventure comes together, DeVine has May's *Pitch Perfect 2* to look forward to, where he appears opposite Rebel Wilson as Barden University's new campus security officer.

The guys might be the voice of a new generation of comedy, absurd and gross and referential, but they're also sweet, taking a moment to chat with each of their fans. So the success? It couldn't have happened to a better team. Now if they would just stop getting injured....



FAIR PLAY

ERIC ANDRÉ PREFERS THINGS HIS WAY, #IRL AND ELSEWHERE.
BY LILY MOAYERI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JASON LANDIS



Eric André looks self-conscious as he tries to discreetly negotiate his six-foot frame around tightly packed tables at coffee staple LAMILL in Silver Lake. "Can we sit outside?" he whispers. "I feel shy talking about myself where people can hear me."

This is a confounding statement coming from a 31-year-old who spends a remarkable amount of time exposing himself on his eponymous show on Adult Swim. The baby-faced actor-comedian is now comfortably seated out of the café patrons' earshot. His pink collared shirt is buttoned to the top, peeping over his patterned sweater, while relaxed jeans complete his casual air.

In addition to *The Eric André Show*, André currently stars opposite Jay Baruchel in FX's absurdist fantasy rom-com *Man Seeking Woman*. There he portrays a Lothario named Mike, who attempts to coach Baruchel's ever-clueless character, Josh. No stranger to sitcoms, André had a turn on *2 Broke Girls* as Kat Dennings's love interest, Deke, and on *Don't Trust the B---- in Apartment 23* as Dreama Walker's co-worker, Mark.

Before all of this started, he was studying at Berklee College of Music, playing—of all instruments—the upright bass. Many of the Boston venues where André gigged with his college band hosted comedy open-mic nights, which piqued André's interest. "I realized all the bands I grew up listening to were broke," he says. "There was no rhyme or reason for what bands were and weren't successful. With comedy, the more you put into it, the more you get out of it. It didn't seem like that with music."

Inspired by *Wonder Showzen*, *Da Ali G Show*, *The Tom Green Show*, and *Jackass*, he put together a sizzle reel for *The Eric André Show*, filmed at a Brooklyn bodega in Bed-Stuy/Bushwick. This included his co-host, the low-energy comic Hannibal Buress, and his directors,

Andrew Barchilon and Kitao Sakurai. Editing the reel himself, André only had—and still has—a broad-strokes idea of how irreverent and unpredictable the program would be. He regularly bashes the set to pieces, using his body as an instrument of destruction. One minute he's asking his hapless guests questions that have nothing to do with them, the next minute Buress, who stands to the side, is making an aimless comment. André conducts borderline-illegal pranks in the middle in New York, including fake vomiting, eating said vomit, and alienating one particularly horrified guest, Lauren Conrad.

"I knew I wanted the show to be random," says André, who is a random guy himself. Looking back inside the café, he maintains that an older gentleman at the bar is Jon Voight, then suggests tapping on the glass and shrieking "Hi!" at the patrons on the other side—one of whom he insists is transgender—before offering up the tidbit that he has a full Brazilian. Even more randomly, André meditates twice daily, once before breakfast and once before dinner. Not so randomly, getting Tom Hanks on *The Eric André Show* is a goal, as is getting Neil Strauss, author of the male chauvinist bible *The Game*, which André used to prepare for his role on *Man Seeking Woman*. "It's like salesmen cold-calling tricks," André says of what he learned from *The Game*, and what he claims he is too shy to use in real life. "Go up to a woman, pinch her, give her a Ring Pop and a backhanded compliment? It's so messed up and manipulative. But I liked the *Man Seeking Woman* script right away. It was really funny and had its own point of view. It was a great fit."

André is a natural fit for that role, but in real life, he is more like Baruchel's character. He intermittently refers to a girl he spotted for five seconds when he first sat down, and watched leave, wondering and making guesses about her. In the end, he drives off, still talking about the one that got away.

from left: tim heidecker
and eric wareheim.

TOGETHER IN WEIRD

COLLEGE BUDDIES TURNED GROSS-OUT-COMEDY TRAILBLAZERS,
TIM AND ERIC HAVE INFLUENCED AN ARMY. BY COLIN STUTZ,
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIMMY MARBLE



Eric Wareheim reaches across the table and dips his pastrami on rye into the small cup of Russian dressing sitting next to my plate. As he pulls it back to his mouth without thought, there's hope, for a moment, that he'll shove it endlessly deeper, absolutely gorging himself in a mess of squirt sounds and viscous saucy meat. Over a decade of watching him and his partner Tim Heidecker in some of television's most unique, bizarre, and grotesquely humorous scenes, such messiness is what we've come to expect from the guy. But, instead, he just swallows and laughs, recalling one of their earliest projects together that set a tone for most everything that followed.

While students at Temple University, they were driving through North Philadelphia and happened upon an odd "open air" DJ called "Sneaker" Pete Thompson, says Wareheim, sitting opposite Heidecker. "He had this DJ booth, and he would set up in front of Staples, because he knew the assistant manager, and he would play songs and sing on top of them, karaoke style—this big fat guy with huge, thick glasses. Tim and I drove by him and we're like, 'What the fuck is that?' We just had to turn around and talk to him."

Now, nearly 20 years later and more than a decade since their 2004 television debut with the crudely animated series *Tom Goes to the Mayor*, the two have parlayed their preference for eccentrics and awkwardness into a signature style honed over five seasons on their off-the-wall sketch spectacle *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!* As their own creative oeuvre has grown to include an album, a number of actually funny and cool commercials, live tours, a film, and a self-help book called *Tim and Eric's Zone Theory: 7 Easy Steps to Live a Perfect Life* that will be out this summer, their growing scale has moved production out of Wareheim's one-bedroom Echo Park apartment and into a massive new office space that houses their parent company Abso Lutely Productions in nearby Glendale, where they run four separate comedy series.

Pulling early influence from earnest weirdos like Thompson, sophomoric prank calls, cable-access TV, and the most uncomfortable moments of *Spinal Tap*, Tim and Eric have become cult heroes for delivering unnatural characters who have no place on-screen. This has been developed by hiring non-actors for their sketches, like veterinarians and cable guys, letting the camera run, and just

hurling lines at them to repeat awkwardly. In addition, the duo has found a list of notable allies with the chops to step into similar roles with ease, including John C. Reilly, Bob Odenkirk, and Zach Galifianakis, among others.

Separately, Wareheim has established himself as a substantial music video and commercial director. Heidecker has a legitimate musical side project called Heidecker & Wood, and has impressed in film roles, including 2012's *The Comedy*. But it's their work as a team that has ushered in a lasting fad of non sequitur, strobing, out-there comedy. It's infiltrated other shows and commercials, with brands such as Old Spice cashing in on their style of weirdness as a marketing tool—a natural by-product of young Tim and Eric fans now entering the creative industries, says Heidecker.

"Tim and Eric is a brand, really; it's not just us," says Heidecker. "*Awesome Show* was all these other people that were editors and people involved in the show.


When we're not working, those people go off and work. *Kroll Show's* editors, *Portlandia's* editors, a lot of them started with us, so their instincts are the same," he continues. "If someone says, 'Make this funnier,' they're going to add a 'doing' sound effect when they put their glasses on or something."

The two are now settling into their new pseudo-horror series *Tim and Eric's Bedtime Stories*, which is preparing for its second season on Adult Swim. Despite their acclaim, Heidecker says it still feels like each new project comes with a fight.

"Even with Adult Swim, we still both have this feeling like they're gonna hate it, like it's the last thing we're ever gonna do," he says. "It's always a fight.... I feel like we still exist from the outside, fighting our way in. We've got some people who really support us, but it's just like every project we do is starting over a little bit."

Clearing his plate, Heidecker says, through a convincing grin, "Then we get the call saying they loved it."





NICK OF TIME

EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MANLY MAN,
NICK OFFERMAN, HAS A FEW THINGS
LINED UP POST-*PARKS AND RECREATION*.
BY MARK YARM. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN RAYNER

Whatever you do, don't call Nick Offerman a lumbersexual.

True, immediately following his photo shoot for this story, the comedic actor changes out of the suit and tie he's been modeling and into his own outdoorsy ensemble: a tin cloth workman's jacket over a blue flannel shirt, paired with a knit hat, blue jeans, and work boots. But Offerman, who runs a woodworking shop in real life, has been dressing this way forever.

Also not helping his case: an impressive chin strap of gray-flecked facial hair—the inverse of the robust moustache he sported as manly libertarian Ron Swanson for seven seasons on the beloved NBC sitcom *Parks and Recreation*. But the beard is for a role. Plus, the idea of Brooklyn hipsters growing hair on their faces, wearing pricey flannel, and accessorizing with axes strikes him as, well, weird and stupid.

"A few months ago, a publication was doing a thing on lumbersexuals and asked me if I'd like to weigh in," recalls Offerman, sitting in a Midtown Manhattan hotel room post-shoot. "When a fashion magazine calls me and says, 'You're one of the top lumbersexuals. Can we get a few comments?' I say, 'Please lose my number.'"

People tend to conflate Nick Offerman and Ron Swanson, which in a way he considers a great compliment: "That means the show worked really well." On the other hand, "It's rather silly," says the 44-year-old actor. "Yes, I'm a woodworker, and yes, I enjoy steak and Scotch, and perhaps I'm a man of few words. But everything I do is much more rounded than Ron Swanson. Ron Swanson was crafted by a team of genius writers, and I'm just a guy." He lets out a goofy, by-no-means-macho laugh.



grooming: kumi craig at the wall group.

While the series finale of *Parks and Recreation* has come and gone, it's still a show about which he can't find enough wonderful things to say. Given Ron's popularity, Offerman now finds himself in high demand among TV bigwigs looking to recruit him for new series. "Of course, as life would have it, that's the only thing I have no interest in doing right now," he says. "Because even if it was the most dreamy team of people, it would invariably be disappointing after *Parks and Rec*."

And besides, it's not as if he's hurting for work. Offerman has a supporting role in July's buzzy Y.A. drama *Me and*

Earl and the Dying Girl, which won the U.S. Dramatic Grand Jury Prize and the Audience Award at this year's Sundance festival, and he has a small part in another Sundance film, the Appalachian Trail movie *A Walk in the Woods*. Offerman worked for a day alongside Christian Bale on notoriously difficult director Terrence Malick's *Knight of Cups*, though he won't know if he made the final cut until later this year. He will, however, definitely appear in the micro-budget indie *Welcome to Happiness*, and he'll have a recurring role on season two of the acclaimed FX series *Fargo*.

Meanwhile, Offerman is putting the finishing touches on *Gumption: Relighting the Torch of Freedom With America's Gutsiest Troublemakers*, the follow-up to his 2013 best-selling advice book, *Paddle Your Own Canoe: One Man's Fundamentals for Delicious Living*. In *Gumption* (out this summer), Offerman profiles 21 Americans who inspire him, from George Washington and Benjamin Franklin to Yoko Ono and Conan O'Brien. In November, he'll return to his "first love," the theater, playing slothful egotist Ignatius J. Reilly in a Boston stage adaptation of John Kennedy Toole's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *A Confederacy of Dunces*.

But before all that, in April and May, Offerman will embark on a two-person traveling variety show with his spouse of 12 years, actress Megan Mullally, whom *Parks* fans know as Tammy II, Ron's batshit-crazy second ex-wife. The new production is called *Summer of 69: No Apostrophe*, and, as the title unambiguously announces, it gets pretty sexual—though in no way, it should be noted, lumbersexual. One musical number details the couple's imagined three-way with Jesus.

Doing *Summer of 69* will no doubt be a boon to the couple, who've always made their marriage a priority: They have an ironclad rule that, no matter what jobs they're offered, they'll never be apart for more than two weeks at a time. "We're like a Sonny and Cher," says Offerman of their new show, and, by extension, their real-life relationship. Maintaining his Swansonian deadpan, he adds, "Except we talk a lot about eating pussy."

A full-page photograph of comedian T.J. Miller standing on a city street, likely in Chinatown, New York City. He is wearing a dark pinstripe suit, a white shirt, and a red and white patterned bow tie. He has curly brown hair and a goatee, and is smiling broadly while holding a large red and gold firecracker. Confetti is falling all around him. In the background, there are brick buildings with Chinese signage, including a green sign for '山珍海味' (Mountain Delicacies, Sea Delicacies). A black street lamp is visible on the left. On the ground near his feet is a large, pink, laughing face mask.

T.J. CENTRAL

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT
AMERICAN COMEDY. BY JEREMY GORDON.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRAYDEN OLSON

You might know T.J. Miller as shaggy-headed tech libertine Erlich Bachman on *Silicon Valley*, as the amateur documentarian behind the camera in *Cloverfield*, or even as the earnest park ranger in *Yogi Bear*. Regardless of how you know him, you know him. Over the past few years, Miller's made himself ubiquitous in a string of hilarious supporting roles that showcase his razor-sharp take on brawny, absurdist comedy. "My idea is quantity over quality," he says self-deprecatingly when we sit down at the *NYLON* Guys office. "I'm trying to oversaturate the market." Here, he discusses this approach, as well as why *Silicon Valley* emulates the American dream.



WHEN THE NEW SEASON OF *SILICON VALLEY* KICKS OFF, WHAT'S CHANGED FOR ERLICH? The facial hair is much more detailed, pronounced, meticulously cared for. Now that he's got a little more money, there might be some more swagger. There really is a kind of American-dream, rags-to-riches narrative to *Silicon Valley*. We've come up with the algorithm but the question now is: Who do we get the funding from? Who can we trust? We know what happens in real life: Google and Facebook just buy all these little things. They crush 'em and sue 'em or patent something before they can. We only have an algorithm. We don't even have anything to sell yet, which is how I feel about myself in Hollywood. My valuation is very high, but I have nothing to sell you. I have yet to turn a profit.

THOUGH YOU STARTED AS A STAND-UP ACT, YOU'VE BECOME MORE PROLIFIC AS AN ACTOR. DO YOU WISH THE RATIOS WERE REVERSED? Yeah, absolutely. I would rather do stand-up than a mediocre-to-terrible, R-rated wedding comedy. Not that I wouldn't do that. I did *Yogi Bear 3-D*, which was sort of the zenith of my career. It's all downhill from that point, and that was 2010. I like doing all this stuff because it's all comedy and it helps us find an escape from the tragedy that permeates everyday life.

I THINK I SAW YOU IN A HANDFUL OF MOVIES BEFORE I KNEW YOUR NAME. YOU WERE EVERYWHERE! The weird thing right now is there's no cultural zeitgeist. People are consuming so much from so many different places. I'm trying to do the same thing all the time, which is make people laugh. But it's becoming much more of a business

proposition—if I can be more present in American comedy culture, then all these studios, production companies, whatever, feel a little more comfortable saying to me, “OK, you can do this thing”. Then I can do something like the *Gorburger* pilot at HBO. *Gorburger* is a very strange thing—a really excitable, life-size puppet of a blue alien that took over a Japanese morning show to interview pop-culture icons and indie-rock bands. It's like Triumph the Insult Comic Dog, but he's really positive and excited about the human race. It's a great opportunity to tell a generation of cynics that being cynical might not be the best way to approach life. But for HBO to do that, I need to be on *Silicon Valley*.

WHAT DO YOU AND YOUR COMEDIAN FRIENDS TALK ABOUT? We talk about death a little more lately. It's going to be a lot of talk about death and meaning because religion is sort of starting to drift away as being less relevant than it ever has. It leaves this really big question that everybody's been ignoring or trying to blindly find faith in something that helps extinguish the concern. So I think that's what stand-up's going to be about. But on *Silicon Valley* it's a lot of those guys talking about Magic: The Gathering, and Thomas Middleditch talking about veganism, and being a flexitarian. So, it just depends on what day you catch me.

HEAD SPACE

INSIDE THE MIND OF COMEDY ICONOCLAST **REGGIE WATTS**.
BY PAUL CAINE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEREDITH JENKS

No one knows what to call Reggie Watts. Comedian? Musician? Storyteller? His career, so far, has offered little help to those trying to pigeonhole him. Onstage, the flamboyantly coiffed entertainer brings together beatboxing, expert deployment of a looping pedal, and stream-of-consciousness rambling from a global panoply of vaguely accented oddballs. He just ended a three-year run as trusty musical sidekick on IFC's *Comedy Bang Bang*, where he hung out with funnyman Scott Aukerman and guests from all over the map: Kevin Smith one week, Josh Groban the next. His TED talk, "Beats That Defy Boxes," has 5.5 million views and may or may not be complete gibberish. "I don't really worry about labels," he says when he drops by the *Guys* offices. "If you're laughing and you're enjoying it, it's a performance."

And now the newly bi-coastal Watts is wearing another hat as bandleader for the just-launched *Late Late Show With James Corden* on CBS. Watts is no stranger to the bandstand: for over two decades he's fronted the avant-funk band Maktub, which he co-founded

after attending jazz conservatory. But a major network slot means national exposure, and Watts, so deft in defying categories, feared he might be typecast, and his creativity confined. Yet friends and collaborators encouraged him, knowing he could share the spotlight—and stage a spectacle all his own. "Sarah Silverman was great," remembers Watts. "She said, 'As long as you get to do what you want to do, then why not try it out?'"

In this spirit of discovery, we asked Watts what's been on his mind lately, and discovered a man that marches to his own...beatbox.

ON THE WEIRDNESS OF LOS ANGELES, HIS NEW PART-TIME HOME:

L.A. is what I call a simulation town. In New York, you have to confront people all the time. There's a lot of walking and interacting. Los Angeles is like, "I'm in a rectangle that I slept in. I'm going to get out of this rectangle and get in a smaller rectangle, and listen to music and drive that rectangle to another larger rectangle and hang out in that rectangle."

ON COMMERCIALS:

I hate commercials because they interrupt the world I'm tuning in to. And they're always louder than the program. They're an aberration that gets in the way of the content, especially a narrative you want to get into. I know I'm going to be on a commercial television show, but that's how I feel.

ON ALCOHOL:

I don't drink. I don't like the taste of alcohol. It tastes like poison to me.

ON MARIJUANA:

I use it as a research and experimental reality-shifting mechanism. I then practice extremely intense logical thought. THC creates a resistance that makes it harder to organize your thoughts. It's like training with a resistance band, or hiking with a backpack full of rocks. THC, when used mindfully, is one of the best drugs you can do on a semi-regular basis. But only if you pay attention.

A close-up portrait of a man with a large, dark, curly afro and a full beard. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing an orange garment. The background is white with torn paper edges. Five colorful speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, each containing a quote or statement.

**ON THE BEST KIND
OF CONCERT HALL:**

I love shitty, weird spots that have good sound systems. I think that's the perfect blend.

ON IMPROVISING A PERFORMANCE ON THE SPOT:

I'm kind of discovering whatever's happening only slightly ahead of the audience. Things are running, but I'm ahead in the future by maybe five seconds. There's a five-second future buffer. Let's talk about Kevlar, let's talk about safety standards, let's talk about Mogadishu. Now I'm going to speak like an authority on something, now I'll mess with word order. I'm listening to what's happening, and I'm observing what I'm coming up with.

ON TAKING THE LATE LATE SHOW GIG:

I told the network I wanted to choose my own band, I wanted the music to be improvised, and I didn't want to wear suits like all the other late-night bands. I wanted the band to look like a bunch of weirdos, like we are. And I told them I wanted there to be healthy snacks. No sodas. I just wanted it to be a healthy, fun environment. And with all these requirements, they were like, "Sounds good!"

ON REHEARSING:

I don't rehearse. That's a waste of time. It's much easier this way.

KEY TO A BAND NAME:

The secret is that the name should reflect the energy you're creating. [My old band] Synthclub was like that. It was a line of synthesizer players.

LIGHTS, CAMERA...

WITH *MR. WONDERFUL*, **ACTION BRONSON** BRINGS A FUCKING DELICIOUS MAJOR LABEL DEBUT TO THE RAP TABLE. BY PHILLIP MLYNAR. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN RAYNER

"I'm just getting that power back," announces Action Bronson as he posts up at The Pop Bar, a graffiti-peppered drinking spot on the outskirts of Astoria, Queens. The gourmand rapper with feral facial hair lays out his high-tech weed-smoking accoutrements on the bar while recapping the fuel he's consumed so far today: a banana-almond shake to kick-start the metabolism and a pit stop at a halal Chinese establishment.

Sure, the trimmings of the culinary world coat Bronson's music career—but food isn't a gimmick for the 31-year-old rapper. Early tracks brimmed with fantastical sustenance references, themselves the fruits of a career spent toiling in New York City kitchens. It was during a shift at his parents' restaurant where a serendipitous snap of the ankle caused him to be laid up in bed and unable to tend to the burners. The time-out saw Bronson focus on writing music—a change of emphasis that launched his now-successful rap career. Following a series of acclaimed albums with production assists from Harry Fraud, Alchemist, and Party Supplies, Bronson is preparing to bask in the glow of his major label debut, *Mr. Wonderful*, out now on Atlantic/Vice Records.

"This record is more expansive than anything I've done before," he says in between marijuana dabs. "I feel like this one is a musical. It takes you on a journey—it's an odyssey." While devoted Bronsonites will no doubt be fulfilled with the record's menu of squid-ink soup, hunks of beef, and mango lassies—all relayed in the rapper's quick-witted, scatter-logical style—this time it's presented on a bed of fresh production that intends to elevate Bronson from a jovial cult rapper to a mainstream force. He knows videos are his bread and butter—his biggest YouTube audience to date: nearly five million on 2013's

"Strictly 4 My Jeeps." But he has designs to match the megastars who clock up to 10 times as many gawkers.

Key to the ascension of Bronson is a cast of cohorts he's called in for *Mr. Wonderful*. Alchemist and Party Supplies are present, but the addition of modern-soul hit-maker Mark Ronson and Drake's go-to guy, Noah "40" Shebib, ushers in a new level of expectation.

Working with Ronson began as a false start in London last year, when the producer's "perfectionist tendencies" over the way a drum sound wasn't hitting saw a track they were working on scrapped. But the germ of a fruitful relationship was established: "Mark is passionate and the type of person I like working with—I don't want to work with someone who's just looking at their phone the whole time. I like eye contact so it feels like you're in the moment."

The creative chemistry clicked when Bronson presented Ronson with a riff from Billy Joel's "Zanzibar" that he'd become smitten with. "All of Billy Joel's music is like a hip-hop break," says Bronson. The ensuing studio magic produced "Brand New Car," the album's stadium-worthy opening track that conjures images of Bronson spitting rhymes into the roar of a sold-out Madison Square Garden audience, accompanied by the Piano Man himself.

But first things first: It's dinner time. And a cab-driver-certified place two blocks away—"real heavy-duty Bangladeshi/Pakistani shit," as Bronson describes it—is calling his name. With dewy reverie emanating from slightly bloodshot eyes, Bronson adds: "They do incredible lentils, man. I love lentils."



grooming: lydia f. sellers at exclusive artists using rico hair care and malin + goetz.



jacket by off-white
c/o virgil abloh,
jeans by topman,
sean's own earring
(worn throughout).

BIG UP

ON DARK SKY PARADISE,
BIG SEAN RAPS ABOUT
GOING FROM BROKE TO
PAID—HERE, HE SHOWS US
A THING OR TWO ABOUT
DRESSING FOR SUCCESS.

BY JESSICA HERNDON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY
STEVEN TAYLOR. STYLED BY ASHLEY WESTON

cardigan and tank
top by salvatore
ferragamo, shirt
worn underneath
by richard chai,
pants by topman,
sneakers by
adidas, hat by
burberry prorsum,
bracelets by xiv
karats, stylist's
own socks.



In the greenroom of Revolt TV's Hollywood studio, Big Sean looks down at his Yeezy Boosts and shakes his head. "They're getting beat up really bad," he says of his "little gift" from mentor Kanye West. "I haven't really been taking them off." His large diamond-and-gold Jesus piece chain, on the other hand, has been removed and placed on his barber's side table next to some clippers.

Gone are the days when Big Sean (né Sean Michael Anderson) watched tears stream down his mom's face as she stressed over unpaid bills back in his hometown of Detroit. Now, after the release of his third album, *Dark Sky Paradise*, Big Sean vows: "I'll never have to go through that again." The record, which took a year to craft, chronicles this very journey from rags to riches. "I was going through so many things within that year," he says. "Creatively, I was just trying to figure it out and take things to the next level. It was a difficult time for me, so that was the dark sky part. I was up late every night. The nighttime sky became damn near daytime for me. Then when I put everything into perspective, how far I still came, that's the paradise."

jacket by fendi,
shirt, t-shirt,
and jeans by dior
homme, mesh tank
by public school,
necklaces and
bracelets by xiv
karats, sean's
own rings (worn
throughout).



jacket by
versus versace,
sweatshirt by
public school,
shirt by dior
homme, pants
by topman,
hat by gladys
tamez millinery.





jacket and
sweatshirt by
calvin klein
collection,
hat by gladys
tamez millinery,
necklaces by
xiv karats,
watch by rolex.



coat by n°21.

Back in 2005, Sean caught West's ear with a freestyle outside a radio station in Detroit. "I thought, 'Maybe I could go to the pros,'" he says, holding his head still while getting his fade edged up. But a year later, he was still living with his mother. "That was a depressing time," he admits. "All I was doing was running up my mom's debt. I'd spent all of the money that my grandma put away for me for college on studio sessions."

But two years later, West would fly Sean out to Los Angeles to hit the studio and eventually sign him to his Def Jam imprint G.O.O.D. Music. "That's when my whole life changed," recalls Sean. Within the next six years, he rolled out four mixtapes and dropped two major-label albums. But none of them were projected to land atop the charts until the release of February's *Dark Sky Paradise*.

"It's 100 percent me and 100 percent true, meaning true with conviction," he says of the album, which features West, Chris Brown, Drake, E-40, Lil Wayne, and Sean's girlfriend, Ariana Grande. Subject-wise it tackles loyalty, failed relationships, struggle, and success over gritty, ratchet, and soulful beats. For most of the album, the rapper takes a serious tone, trading his sometimes sarcastic flow for songs that he hopes might be "the soundtrack for people's ups and downs," he says. "I kept it real." Kiss-off track (and lead

single) "I Don't Fuck With You," is one of the bluntest on the album. "Bitch I got no feelings to go/ I swear I had it up to here, I got no ceilings to go/ I mean for real, fuck how you feel" he raps. The song was released on the heels of his split from *Glee* star Naya Rivera, but Sean says he began writing the lyrics before they broke up. "But as time went on, my situation started relating a little bit more," he adds.

The 27-year-old rapper has since moved on to 21-year-old pop singer Ariana Grande. Sean says the relationship evolved naturally. "We was just hanging out, and she was cool," he says. "We were friends for years before anything. That's the best way."

After meeting Sean, it's easy to see why he's the guy who gets the girl. There's an easy warmth to his presence; he's generous with a smile and hug for someone he just met. He also has good taste—he digs Saint Laurent jeans because "a good fit is the most important thing." Plus he's direct. He'll be the first to tell you success has changed him. "Hell yeah," he says. "I feel like people have that concept a little backward. I'm definitely different. I'm a little wiser and more focused, and I know what I want, which is happiness. Happiness is the key to success. But I'm still learning as I go."

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sunglasses
by ksubi.





daring enterprise

**deborah ann
woll is worth
binge-watching
on netflix.
by maxwell
williams.
photographed
by ted emmons**



swimsuit by
michael kors.
opposite page:
dress by n°21,
sunglasses by
le specs.

So focused is actress Deborah Ann Woll on honing her craft that she's been known to let all of her emotions sit *very* close to the surface. "Most people, when they feel a laugh or a sob in their throat, might choke it down because it's inappropriate," she explains over a bowl of tomato basil soup in the booth of a Beverly Hills steak house. "You don't want people to see you cry over something as silly as a commercial. But I don't want to hold back, because that trains me to hold back. So, when people watch me, they're seeing someone who is actually feeling something, not someone who is squeezing and trying to push out a tear."

For this reason Woll, a graduate of USC's prestigious School of Theatre, is drawn to intense projects—by nature, her work is genuine and anguished. After a seven-year run as the scene-stealing vampire Jessica Hamby on HBO's recently concluded *True Blood*, she now takes on the role of Karen Page in *Marvel's Daredevil*, a new series out this April on Netflix that's adapted from

the original comic. "It's definitely darker than the others," she says, noting that the show is the first in a slate of five live-action adventure series (also including *Marvel's A.K.A. Jessica Jones*, *Marvel's Iron Fist*, and *Marvel's Luke Cage*, all leading up to the characters teaming up in *Marvel's The Defenders*) to premiere only on Netflix.

The origin story of *Daredevil* goes like this: A young Matt Murdock pushes a man out of the way of a truck carrying toxic waste, which spills on Murdock, blinding him, but heightening his other senses drastically—just before his father is murdered by gangsters. Murdock becomes *Daredevil* (played in the Netflix series by Charlie Cox), a superhero intent on avenging his dad's death by fighting corruption in New York.

As for Page, she goes all the way back to the first issue of the comic in 1964 as Murdock's secretary and love interest. The character did, however, get a revamp from writer Frank Miller in the '80s. "She went through all kinds of mutations," says



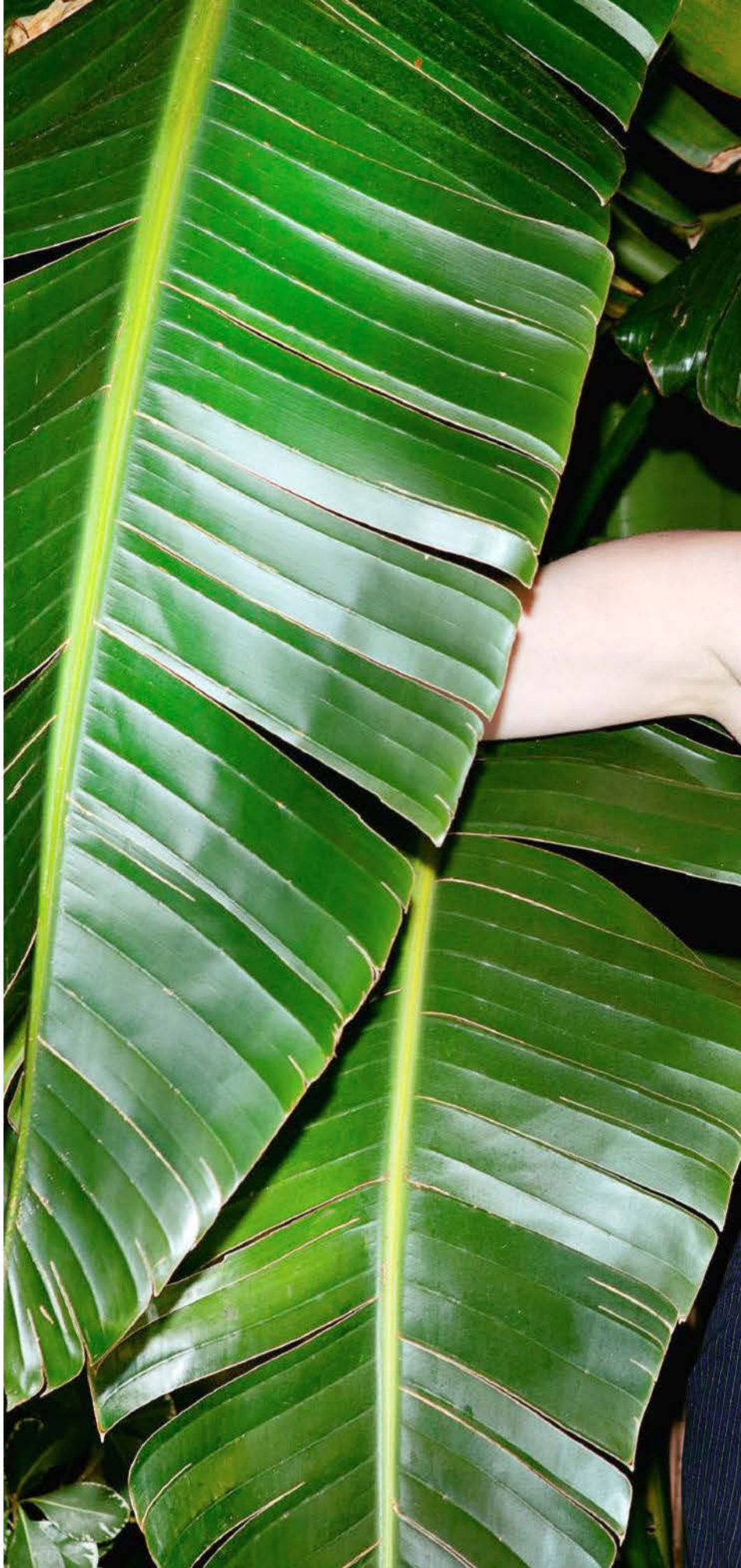
Woll, taking a spoonful of soup and letting it drip back into the bowl. "She starts out [in the '60s] very *Leave It to Beaver*—a little stereotypically feminine—then [later], she becomes a heroin addict and does some pornography and sells out Daredevil to the bad guy for some drugs, gets clean, and gets back together with him, and then she dies."

Woll is highly charismatic as Page—her interpretation of the character falls somewhere between the angelic early version and the out-of-control iteration. "There's this old idea that women in men's stories are either Madonnas or whores, and she is both, but at different times," says Woll. "What I ended up doing, and what Marvel was trying to do, was to merge those two. She doesn't have to be a Madonna or a whore—she can be good and bad all at once, which is more modern."

This translates to story lines where Page is often insinuating herself into the fray—like one scene where she starts to investigate the bad guys when she thinks no one at the newspaper is listening to her concerns. "In the same way that Matt Murdock can't abide the corruption and the mistreatment of people in his city, neither can Karen," says Woll. "She's throwing punches—she uses the law and the media—but she's working toward the same goal. There's a bit of a demon in her. Part of her needs to have an adrenaline rush; she's not a damsel in distress. Someone said to me, 'Karen keeps getting in trouble.' I said, 'No, she *is* trouble.'"

Page's strong female character aside, *Marvel's Daredevil* struck a chord for Woll that hit even closer to home. Like Matt Murdock, Woll's real-life boyfriend, EJ Scott, is blind. Scott has a degenerative eye disease called choroideremia that is causing him to lose his sight. Woll and Scott do a lot of fund-raising and outreach to raise awareness for the disease, and have even produced a short documentary on Scott's life. "It's not too coincidental," says Woll about the parallel lives she's living on TV and in reality. "I would be lying if I didn't say that I'm personally interested in stories about disabilities being out there. Because EJ's a comic book fan, and Daredevil is a blind character, there's no better fit for me."

stylist: sean knight. hair: caile noble
at jed root for serge normant. makeup:
kristina brown at jed root using chanel
hydra beauty micro serum.



top by eres,
skirt by maison
martin margiela.



top by calvin
klein collection,
pants by dsquared2.

FROM

CHILL WAVE

SHRED-WORTHY STYLES MEET STREETWEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN RAYNER.

STYLED BY TIM BITICI



jacket by levi's,
sweater by burberry
prorsum, shirt by
marc by marc jacobs,
jeans by g-star,
slides and socks
by lacoste, hat by
saturdays surf nyc.



jacket by dior homme, wetsuit by xcel, shoes by burberry prorsum



jacket by original
penguin, sweater by
kenzo, shorts by 3.1
phillip lim, model's own
undershirt and boxers.



sweater by paul
smith, pants by
alexander mcqueen.



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by emporio armani,
shirt by levi's,
surfboard by
tudor surfboards.



vest by
prada, shorts
by lacoste.



jacket and
sneakers by dior
homme, shirt by
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denim, shirt by
baja east, pants
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FREAKS AND GHOSTS

DIRECTOR **PAUL FEIG** AIN'T AFRAID OF NO FANGUYS.
BY PHOEBE REILLY.
ILLUSTRATION BY KLANDO

Paul Feig is never far from his failures. *Freaks and Geeks*, the television show he co-wrote with Judd Apatow, is now considered a national treasure, but it was canceled in 2000 after only 12 episodes had aired. Feig was subsequently thrown in what he calls "movie jail" when his debut film, *Unaccompanied Minors* (2006), flopped at the box office. It wasn't until he directed *Bridesmaids* that Hollywood finally realized it was a funnier place with Feig in it. In May, he achieves his longtime dream of directing a James Bond movie—sort of. *Spy* stars Melissa McCarthy as a sweet-natured CIA agent who must track down a nuke-wielding Russian villain. Oh, and next year he'll helm a female-led reboot of *Ghostbusters*. We could seriously talk to this guy for hours.

AFTER *SPY*, MCCARTHY WILL STAR IN *GHOSTBUSTERS*. IS SHE THE LEO TO YOUR SCORSESE?

Everything I write and do is always about the everyperson, and she's the ultimate everyperson. I don't respond to stories about the highest-paid, coolest lawyer in town who has a downfall. I can't root for that guy. I'd probably like to see the shit kicked out of him. The most annoying thing for comedy stars is that once they're established, the criticism is always, "Well, they just do the same thing over and over again." You could say that about Robert De Niro, but somehow there's a legitimacy that comes with drama.

HAVE THE SONY LEAKS AFFECTED YOUR EXPERIENCE WORKING ON THE *GHOSTBUSTERS* REBOOT?

We had one email that's still floating around out there that gave away a lot of plot stuff. I've been dealing with the hard-core fans for months now, and they wear you down. There's a certain group of fanguys that you just can't win with. But I'm such a people-pleaser. I really want them to come along with us. Guys, I'm on your side, I swear! And if you don't love it, the other ones are still there. I read my Twitter feed every single day, and you get a little tired of being told that you're ruining people's childhood. I don't know if I have that power.



JUDD APATOW HAS BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH BROMANCE, AND YOU'RE SIMILARLY FAMOUS FOR FEMALE-DRIVEN COMEDIES. WERE YOU GUYS LIKE YIN AND YANG ON *FREAKS AND GEEKS*?

He's a fairly sensitive guy even though he's gone toward the bromance thing. It was a division of work. I felt like I was in charge of Lindsay. She was the only character who was based on nobody. I was an only child, but I always wished I had an

older sister, so I created who my older sister would be. I poured all my mid-30s angst onto her, figuring a 16-year-old girl is probably at the same maturity level as a 35-year-old man.

DO YOU THINK THE RISE OF GEEK CULTURE SIGNALS A CHANGE IN SOCIAL ATTITUDES? It's a little skewed, because geekiness has become an umbrella description. Nobody wants

to be called a nerd, but everyone wants to be called a geek, because geek just means you have a hyper interest in something, and you relish not being cool. But the geek world can still be very ostracizing. And there are plenty of geeks I know who are just assholes. It's not really an underdog thing anymore.

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